

# THE DIAL

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## THE DRAMA PLAYERS IN CHICAGO.

After a career checkered with lights and shadows, the Drama Players, under the direction of Mr. Donald Robertson, and the joint management of the Chicago Theatre Society and the Messrs. Shubert, have ended their ten weeks' season in Chicago, and the time has come for a survey of their work as a whole. Although the enterprise originated in Chicago, and was made possible by the pledges secured here last summer, through Mr. Robertson's personal solicitation, toward a guaranty fund that should provide for the Society's share of the expenses, the Drama Players opened their season in the East, giving performances in New York and other cities, for several weeks before their appearance here. When they reached Chicago, and gave their first performance on the fifth of February, they were equipped with three tested and seasoned productions. Since that time they have rehearsed and produced six more plays, all of which represents an amount of work which, considering the fact that most of the members of the company had been accustomed to go through a whole season with a single part, taxed their energies pretty severely. The work was much more difficult than that of the average stock company, which rehearses a new play every week, because the plays given by such companies come to them with all the "business" worked out — the entrances and the groupings, and all the matters of stage technique are already indicated in the manuscript. But the Drama Players had to work with new material, and create from the bare text the living form of the play. A production made under these conditions means a degree of effort, and a confronting of difficult problems, which are never demanded of the ordinary stock players. There is no tradition to guide, and consequently one must be improvised, which is a more serious matter than the memorizing of the parts. Nothing but the most harmonious action and the most cordial spirit of co-operation could have made possible the smooth adjustment which has been so striking a feature of these nine productions.

The following list of the plays will serve to show how much of this pioneer work had to be done:

"The Maternal Instinct," by Messrs. Robert Herrick and Harrison Rhodes.

"Gold," by Mrs. Ancella Hunter.

"June Madness," by Mr. Henry Kitchell Webster.

"The Thunderbolt," by Sir Arthur Pinero.

"Les Femmes Savantes," by Molière.

"La Bottega del Caffé," by Goldoni.

"Il Piu Forte," by Giuseppe Giacosa.

"La Course du Flambeau," by Paul Hervieu.

"Fruen fra Havet," by Henrik Ibsen.

It will be observed that the three plays of American authorship which head the list were absolutely new to the stage, while the five translations from foreign languages were taken up with nothing but the indications of the printed text for a guide. Whatever stage tradition exists concerning them was inaccessible to Mr. Robertson and his associates, yet in no case was the performance halting or lacking in unity. Considering these difficulties, it means a good deal when we say that the performances were in the highest degree satisfactory, being characterized by both assurance and finish. Such good *ensemble* acting has not often been seen on any stage, and the artistic triumph of the company has been remarkable, although perhaps no greater than we had a right to expect from the fine directive intelligence of Mr. Robertson and the tested ability of such accomplished players as those who assumed the heavy responsibilities of the repertoire. The names of Miss Hedwig Reicher, Miss Effie Shannon, Miss Charlotte Granville, Miss Renee Kelly, Mr. Herbert Kelcey, Mr. Sheldon Lewis, Mr. Lionel Belmore, Mr. Edward Emery, and Mr. Hylton Allen are indeed a guaranty of good acting, yet whatever they may be as individual performers, the total of their achievement was something much more than the total of their several abilities, and provided something like a revelation to their audiences. Instead of presenting a central figure, artificially forced into prominence, and encircled by inadequate and perfunctory satellites, each of these plays gave us a succession of natural groupings, in which each character assumed its full value, and from which staginess and the conventional trickery of the trade were noticeably absent. Such an exhibition of good acting, if given time enough to impress itself upon the public, is sure to win the practical encouragement without which no ideal enterprise, unless supported by public or private endowments, can long endure.

It has been a frequent observation of spectators who found the plays, as such, not particularly interesting, that almost any kind of a play would be worth seeing in the hands of such actors as these. And it must be confessed that

the actors have had to struggle with some pretty poor material. The glaring fault of the programme resulted from the determination of the committee of managers to be patriotic at all costs. In deciding to produce three plays of American authorship before there were any such plays in sight, they committed themselves to a policy which proved disastrous in its consequences, besides being a departure from the fundamental principle of the enterprise. The Society was formed, not to take chances with untried material, but to present works of approved merit and unquestionable significance. It had the entire literature of the modern drama — from Shakespeare to Shaw — from which to choose, and it deliberately wasted one-third of its energies in a futile attempt to foist three new American plays upon a confiding public. Now, broadly speaking, no plays have ever been produced in America which are worthy of being included in any list of such masterpieces as it was the avowed intention of the Society to produce; what, then, was the likelihood of suitable plays turning up among the manuscripts submitted for examination? The management might be taking chances, from the box-office standpoint, with Molière and Goldoni, or with Ibsen and Hervieu, or with a score of other playwrights whose place in dramatic literature is too secure to be disputed, but they would have incurred no artistic risk, and would have planted themselves upon entirely safe ground, if they had resolutely eschewed all toying with experimental matter. The organization was based upon a definite ideal purpose, and if its professions meant anything at all, they meant an effort to attract the public to approved works of a high literary value. They certainly did not mean any attempt to compete with the commercial theatre in the exploitation of novelties. The actual perversion of the original plan offers a striking illustration of the folly of entrusting its execution to a committee of many minds, and of deciding by vote the plays that should make up the list. The result was a departure from the singleness of aim which was absolutely imperative, and all the confusion that comes from compromise, and working at cross-purposes, and the effort to reconcile conflicting views.

Of the three American plays selected, two proved to be dismal failures. They were thin, loose-jointed, and amateurish, and the public refused to have them on any terms. After the first night of each, when all the supporters of the enterprise rallied to its standard, the audi-

ences dwindled almost to the vanishing point, and they were withdrawn as quite hopeless. All the care expended upon their production, and the remarkably fine acting of which they received the benefit could not make them go, and it became plainly evident that the spark of dramatic vitality was not in them. The third, Mr. Webster's "June Madness," achieved a considerable measure of success. It proved to be a good play of the type that attracts audiences to the commercial theatre, although we should hardly call it the kind of play which came within the scope of the Society's endeavors. Its matter was contentious and aroused excited discussion, which was all to the good as far as the box-office receipts were concerned, but it served in no way to emphasize the distinctive character of the enterprise with which it was associated. It served rather to indicate that the Drama Players were merely trying to do what the other theatres were doing, and many people were puzzled, by this and by several other productions, to understand how the declared objects of the Society were being furthered. The Molière, Goldoni, and Ibsen plays were clearly within its province, as were, somewhat less obviously, the plays by Hervieu, Giacosa, and Pinero. If, for example, the remaining places in the programme had been filled by works of such dramatists as Björnson, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Maeterlinck, Drachmann, Oehlenschläger, and Echegaray, or even by examples of Elizabethan Drama or old English Comedy, the Society would have made a far more definite stand for the principles upon which it rested its claims for public and private support. It is, however, gratifying to note that the works of the greatest intrinsic worth, the plays by Molière, Goldoni, and Ibsen, were particularly successful in their appeal, and that the Ibsen play, indeed, proved to be about the best drawing-card in the entire repertory. The lesson from these facts is surely plain, and we trust that it will be heeded in the future.

The total receipts for the season have been enough to let the guarantors off with the payment of about fifty per cent of the sums pledged by them. This is not a bad outcome for the first season of what was confessedly an experimental enterprise. The Society had the cordial support of the newspaper press, of the Drama League, and of many clubs and other agencies of opinion. When we consider the stone wall of apathy and public indifference which stands in the way of any effort for the betterment of a public taste demoralized, as ours has been, in its artistic out-

look, it is surprising that so evident a breach was made by this little band of reformers at the first assault. As compared with the ill-starred venture of Chicago's New Theatre of four years ago, something like a triumph has been scored by the new undertaking, while the losses are insignificant when set beside those of the more recent New York enterprise. We hope that the work thus inaugurated will go on, winning its way by an unshaken faith in its ideals, and profiting by a realization of its lapses from the straight path. The public is always suspicious of being practised upon for its own good, and there is no doubt that the Chicago Theatre Society has presented its cause in a way calculated to arouse such suspicions. This feeling has yet to be overcome, and with it the attitude which is influenced by the cynic with his armory of cheap and malicious witticisms. Despite all adverse influences, the tide of interest in a rehabilitated stage is steadily rising in this country, and the wave which bears upon its crest the work of the Drama Players is moved by the irresistible forces which control the larger movement.

#### CASUAL COMMENT.

ONE OF STEVENSON'S "ENCHANTED CIGARETTES"—the books one loves to dream of writing—was his autobiography. That he did actually begin the enterprise is evidenced by a manuscript now in the possession of Mr. H. E. Widener, the well-known collector of Philadelphia. It was written in San Francisco, when Stevenson was thirty years of age, and covers only the earliest childhood memories. The manuscript is in ink on twenty-three pages of an ordinary quarto notebook. References to the document are found in Mr. Graham Balfour's Life of Stevenson, but it has never before been printed in full. This prefatory paragraph has little of the customary Stevensonian ring:

"I have the more interest in beginning these memoirs where and how I do, because I am living absolutely alone in San Francisco, and because from two years of anxiety and, according to the doctors, a touch of malaria, I may say I am altogether changed into another character. After weeks in this city, I know only a few neighboring streets; I seem to be cured of all my adventurous whims and even of human curiosity, and am content to sit here by the fire and await the course of fortune. Indeed, I know myself no longer, and as I am changed in heart, I hope I have the more chance to look back impartially on all that has come and gone heretofore. There is, after all, no truer sort of writing than what is to be found in autobiographies, and certainly none more entertaining."

Stevenson tells us that his first introduction to literature was when his uncle, David Stevenson, offered a prize of twenty shillings to the family circle for the best history of Moses. His own version of the history of Moses, he tells us, "was copiously illustrated by the author in a very free style. In these

pictures each Israelite was represented with a pipe in his mouth, cheering the desert miles." The following is a caustic bit of criticism, evidently inspired by the late Sir William Gilbert's stage caricatures of elderly unmarried women:

"I think I was born with a sense of what is due to age, for the more I interrogate my recollections the more traces do I find of that respect struggling with the dislike of what is old and then seemed to me to be ugly. Of all the cruel things in life the cruellest, it may be, is the departure of all beauty from those who have been the desired mothers and mistresses of men in a former generation. Pagans like Horace, devils like Villon, and yet he was a devil with a dash of the angelic were it only in his wings, and simple crass vulgarians like Gilbert, so much worse than the worst of the devilish, take an opportunity for some cheap effect of art from these distressing changes. I thank God, when I was a child I knew a higher decency."

It is to be hoped that this interesting document in its entirety may some day be made available to all lovers of R. L. S. Meanwhile, we imagine, each of the forty-five copies of Mr. Widener's edition would bring something more than its weight in gold in the auction rooms. . . .

EXPERIENCES OF A PUBLISHER'S READER go to fill some of the most entertaining pages of Mr. J. Henry Harper's historical and reminiscent volume, "The House of Harper," reviewed at length elsewhere in our last issue. It is to be noted, as correcting a prevalent misapprehension, that the mere typewriting of a manuscript will do little to insure its favorable reception. There is a good deal of illegible and illiterate typewriting. "A handwritten manuscript," declares Mr. Harper, "is in some respects more satisfactory than a typewritten one, for it contains some indication of the author's character." Further on he writes: "Although the French have a proverb that it is not necessary to eat the whole of an egg to know that it is bad, many amateurs think themselves unfairly used if their manuscript is not read from the first to the last word. It is a favorite device to lay traps to catch the reader, and so prove that he has not done his duty by the manuscript. The commonest of these is to reverse certain pages in loose-sheet manuscript. If these are not turned to their proper position it follows that they have not been read. Other would-be authors will lightly gum together the corners of two pages, or lay pressed leaves or bits of bright-colored worsted between the sheets, which, if undisturbed on the return of the manuscript, are convincing evidence to them that the story has not been examined. Manuscripts are frequently sent to publishers which have already been declined more than once by them. The title may possibly be changed, but even that precaution is not always taken; these authors evidently assuming that publishers have neither memory nor system." A particularly daring but unsuccessful fraud is worth citing. "The most extraordinary example of literary imposture that ever came to Franklin Square was a manuscript written in longhand, with numerous erasures and interlineations—all the earmarks of a genuine piece of work. The subject-matter seemed oddly reminis-

cent, although the names and localities were strange. Another page or two settled the question; the book was nothing else than Mary Shelley's famous 'Frankenstein.' Evidently the ambitious author had found an old copy of the book tucked away in a dusty corner of some neglected library, and had been impressed by the somber power and horror of the tale. The book was an old one, and the impostor evidently concluded that it had long since been forgotten. So, with infinite labor, the whole thing had been copied in longhand, with the substitution of American names of persons and places for the originals." Such are some of the futile devices of those would-be authors whose lack of invention reminds one of Pope's famous couplet:

"You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;  
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home."

LIBRARY BENEFACTIONS IN 1911, according to the "Bulletin" of the American Library Association, assumed unprecedented proportions. The total of gifts and bequests in money to American libraries was more than three and one-third million dollars, which is nearly a million and a half more than was given in the preceding year; and of this handsome total Mr. Andrew Carnegie gave nearly two and one-third million dollars, or more than twice what he gave in 1910. One hundred and thirty-six towns and cities in this country and twenty-eight in Canada were the recipients of his bounty. The middle West and the South and the province of Ontario profited most largely by his generosity. Besides money, the year's record of gifts includes sixty-five thousand volumes, six sites for library buildings, and seven buildings given for library purposes. Prominent mention should be made of the splendid gift of Americana from Mr. Edward E. Ayer of Chicago to the Newberry Library, whose recently-issued Report says, in part, of this remarkable collection: "No general statement can do justice to its value, no general description can adequately set forth its importance to historical investigators. It may, however, be said with confidence, that no serious student or writer who is concerned with the discovery, colonization, and settlement of North America, the history, languages, manners, and customs of the North American Indians, or the history, etc., of the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, can afford to overlook the rich store of original materials, printed, manuscript, and pictorial, which the Ayer collection contains." There are said to be more than thirty-three thousand items in the collection, which has been placed in specially equipped rooms in the Newberry library building, there to remain as a visible and useful monument to the giver's scholarship, public spirit, and generosity. . . .

THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN A "BOOK" AND A "VOLUME" AND A "PAMPHLET," a rather vague one to most readers, is indicated briefly in an appendix to the current Newberry Library Report (which, by the way, is a brief and business-like and encouraging record of the year's progress under Mr.

William N. C. Carlton's administration). The definitions to be quoted here were made to meet the Newberry Library's needs, and may not commend themselves to every librarian; but they are at least suggestive and may help toward the general adoption of some sort of clear and definite rule that shall do away with certain present ambiguities. "The term 'volume' is used in the sense of a collection of sheets comprising more than one hundred pages. It is distinguished from 'part' by having a title-page of its own and by being a principal subdivision of a work. 'Volume' in the sense of a 'binding,' enclosing several volumes, pamphlets, numbers, or parts, is called a 'book.' Several volumes or pamphlets may be bound together in one 'book.' . . . An appendix, index, or supplement with an individual title-page is treated like a volume. The term 'pamphlet' is used in the sense of a collection of sheets comprising one hundred pages or less (and not a serial), whether bound individually or with others. The term 'pamphlet' is not applied, however, to quarto and folio publications; these are counted as volumes. In its ordinary sense of an *unbound* collection of a few sheets fastened together, the term 'pamphlet' has no significance in the Newberry Library, because no pamphlets are placed permanently upon the shelves unbound. 'Pamphlet' is distinguished from 'number' (of a serial) by being an individual or independent publication." It is indeed a far cry from this to the etymological meaning of volume (or parchment roll) and book (an inscribed beechen tablet) and pamphlet (or *palme-fueil* or *paume-feuillet*, or leaflet to be held in the hand)—a transition for which the printing press is chiefly responsible.

PROFESSOR MURRAY ON THE GREEK DRAMA drew a distinguished and an appreciative audience to his Lowell Institute lectures. To illustrate his scholarly and yet not unpopular style of public lecture, his humor and fancy and graceful wit, let us quote a few words from his opening address on the Greek chorus. "If we do not understand it, we cannot understand the three great dramatists. Now, what is the difficulty? The chorus is completely undramatic, says the average critic; it breaks the drama. When the heroine is engaged in some plot, arranging to murder her husband, or taking some such step for the good of the community, then fifteen visitors happen in. Sometimes they have a reason for coming, sometimes not. Usually they are homogeneous: if there is one old gentleman, then there will be fifteen old gentlemen. And it doesn't help matters if the fifteen visitors begin to dance." But, after all, the vaudeville performance on the part of the venerable gentlemen, or of whomsoever the chorus consists, is not out of harmony with the spirit of the occasion. The dance is no mere tripping of the light fantastic toe; the whole body rhythmically moves to express the overflow of emotion for which verbal utterance is inadequate. The chorus raises us to the higher world of

spiritual beauty and lofty speculation, that "spiritual world to which lyrical emotion exalts the inward eye, where metaphor is the very stuff of life." So genial and well-equipped an exponent of "the glory that was Greece" has not come to us from abroad since Professor Mahaffy's memorable visit.

ONE TRAINING FOR SUCCESSFUL AUTHORSHIP, notably uncommon and hardly to be commended, was that of Karl May, the German writer of tales of adventure for boys. His recent death at Dresden in his seventieth year calls attention to the fact that his earlier life was devoted to highway robbery and other forms of illegal acquisition of property, and that he was not unfamiliar with the interior aspect of jails and prisons. A cave in the vicinity of Dresden was the young bandit's retreat, whence he and a confederate sallied forth to terrorize the neighborhood. At last the constituted authorities made this exciting mode of life a little too hazardous for May, and he disappeared from view. Four years later a gentleman of good looks and distinguished bearing made his appearance in Dresden and applied himself to the writing of such interesting stories of adventure for the local newspapers that the great publishing houses solicited the products of his pen for book publication. The result was that hundreds of tales, both original and translated from the Arabian, Turkish, Persian, and Chinese, were produced by him. Our own far West, with its redskin braves, formed the scene of some of Herr May's stirring tales. In later life he became religious, figured prominently in the Roman Catholic church of Saxony, and wrote tracts for the conversion of the heathen—all the while amassing wealth from his work in fiction, and growing in the respect and good opinion of his community.

THE FATE OF HIM WHO WILL NOT READ presents itself, rightly enough, to the editor of "The Newarker" as something lamentable to contemplate. Business failure as well as personal chagrin lies in ambush for the heedless and self-willed person who persists in making the journey down life's highway with no packet of literature, frequently renewed, in his luggage. We are reminded that within the last few years the greatest business corporation in the world has wasted thousands of dollars in costly experiments in steel-making, whereas if the officials concerned had read the text-books and periodicals of their branch of industry they would have found in plain print just the information (gathered and written down by others) that they needed. They do these things better in Germany. There the product of the printing-press is valued at something like its true worth; and your bespectacled German, with his nose in a book, is somehow learning how to get ahead of his competitors in many of the races entered by the nations of the world. With the justifiable pride of an alert and energetic librarian, Mr. Dana concludes his editorial on the prime necessity

of reading: "And the world is so full of interesting things in print; and an index of all of it [!] and a good deal of the latest and best of the print itself, are in your own public library!" Verily, he that being often admonished to read hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.

BOOKS, BOOKSHOPS, AND LIBRARIES IN AUSTRALIA picture themselves in some imaginations as rivalling the snakes of Ireland in scarcity. Hence the surprise with which at least a few readers must have learned from an article in the March "Book Monthly," signed by Katharine S. Prichard, that "the facilities for reading are not in England as great as they are in Australia," and that "it is easier to get a classic of English literature in the back blocks of Australia than in many a rural district of England." Furthermore, "a mining camp scarcely emerges from its canvas coverings before it is demanding books; and a place for its Town Hall and Free Library, or Mechanics' Institute, is marked on the plan of the new town as soon as it has one." Innumerable smaller circulating libraries and book clubs supplement the activities of the public libraries, and "the appetite for books, fostered by the public libraries, is in the end appeased by the bookshops." Cole's Book Arcade in Melbourne has the name of being the most wonderful bookshop in the world. It is a bookshop and a thoroughfare in one, where the book-lover may ramble and loiter and browse from early morn till late at night, and no one importunes him to buy. The consuming hunger for books, which only those who have lived in the backwoods and the "back blocks" can know in its greatest intensity, and which in not a few instances seems to vary inversely as the square of the population, has evidently been felt by our Australian cousins.

#### LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

Of late years there has been a steady procession of novelists towards the theatre. The late Oscar Wilde and Mr. George Bernard Shaw may be said to have started the movement; but the authors of "Dorian Gray" and of "Cashel Byron's Profession" could hardly, perhaps, be classed in the first rank of novelists. They belonged to literature as a whole, not to any specific branch of it; and it is probable that they came to the stage because they were on the look-out for some fresh form more suitable to their qualities than that of fiction. But there followed Mr. J. M. Barrie, to the astonishment of the critics, for the historian of *Thrums* was almost the last man that appeared a likely candidate for high honors on the stage. It did not seem possible that he could get that freakish humor of his across the footlights. But he did; and with an astounding success. Mr. Barrie may be said to have given the theatre-goer a new sensation. The stalls learned quickly to enjoy

his sly Scottish unexpectedness, the sudden stabs of pathos that gave an additional zest to the quaint humor. They took Barrie to their hearts as a dramatist: at one time he had as many as three plays running in London simultaneously to crowded houses; while his "Peter Pan" became a hardy annual, regularly expected and as regularly patronized every Christmas season.

To Mr. J. M. Barrie succeeded Mr. Somerset Maugham, a novelist of some eminence, though perhaps of no very great circulation. His "Liza of Lambeth," however, had obtained a certain success, at a time when fiction was concerning itself with mean streets and the slums of great cities. Mr. Maugham proved to be a dramatist of the more ordinary type, a producer of "social" plays, not widely different from the work of such hardened playwrights as Sutro or Henry Arthur Jones. But there was a freshness about Mr. Maugham's work that commended it to the public; and in a short time he, too, had the pleasure of seeing three plays from his pen running simultaneously in London. For a time managers competed eagerly for his work; now, perhaps, the novelty of the thing has worn off a little,—or, possibly, playgoers are become more serious. But Mr. Maugham, like Mr. Barrie, may now be said to have definitely abandoned fiction for the drama.

There are a host of others who, without entirely deserting their first love, dally with the stage. It is a fascinating gamble: even a moderate success means so much more, from the money point of view, than can generally be obtained from the publisher for the mere book rights of a novel. The first step is generally taken when some enterprising cobbler of plays approaches the author of a successful novel with an offer to adapt it for theatrical production. Commonly the offer is accepted, for it is interesting to see what will happen, and a half share in the proceeds seems good pay for practically no work. Even if it is not accepted, the seed is sown: before long the author will find himself attempting an adaptation of his own. Once permit the dramatic bacillus to obtain a lodgment in the brain, and it multiplies as swiftly as the bacillus of any other known disease. Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins fell by permitting the late Mr. Edward Rose to fit "The Prisoner of Zenda" to the exigencies of the stage: since that time he has never regarded the writing of fiction with anything more than a tolerant regard,—his real love is the stage, and his work has not improved in consequence. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle underwent, in like fashion, a severe attack of dramatic measles, induced in the first instance by the dramatization of "Sherlock Holmes." He is now, happily, almost recovered: he has indeed announced his intention of devoting himself once more to the writing of books—which should be good news for all lovers of healthy fiction. But while the fever was on him, he contrived to produce at least five plays; of which one, "The House of Temperley," ran for a considerable time. Perhaps his best work in this field was "Waterloo," the little adaptation that he made

from one of his short stories for the late Sir Henry Irving. This is still revived from time to time.

It was, I imagine, the example of J. M. Barrie and Somerset Maugham that started so many of our other novelists on the new road to fame and fortune. Mr. A. E. W. Mason, the author of "Clementine" and formerly an actor himself, tried his hand at an adaptation: Mr. W. W. Jacobs, the darling of so many readers of the "Strand Magazine," produced "Beauty and the Barge," but has not repeated the experiment. Mr. E. W. Hornung, the ingenious founder of a school of burgling fiction, dramatized "Raffles" with conspicuous success, and followed it up with "Stingaree," which met with no success at all. Mr. F. Anstey Guthrie brought out "The Man from Blankley's," and turned his "Brass Bottle" into a play; while Mr. H. A. Vachell dramatized one of his popular novels in "Her Son." Indeed, so great has been the rush of late that it is impossible to mention all the names that recur to the mind. Enterprising managers have drawn the most unlikely customers into their net: even Mr. Henry James has been mangled for the delectation of the gallery, as well as the late George Meredith. Only the other day Mr. Zangwill's "New Religion" was produced, and withdrawn; while Mr. Eden Philpotts has succeeded in offending the censor with his "Secret Woman"—thereby, no doubt, sending a new host of readers to the book from which his play was drawn. For there is this point about the dramatization of novels, that at the worst the production of your play means a new edition of your book, while those who have read the novel have a certain curiosity to see how it will appear upon the stage.

There are at the present moment an even larger number than usual of novelists' plays being performed in London. Mr. R. S. Hichens has made a successful entry into the theatrical arena with "Bella Donna," which seems likely to have as long a run as anything now playing. The late George du Maurier's "Trilby" is enjoying a revival, in which Sir Herbert Tree is once more proving his strength as an actor of melodrama. "Trilby" is one of the few instances of a successful novel making an even more successful play: it has two fine characters, and the public like the free and easy Bohemian life of the artists' quarter. But the theatre is a lottery, and it is impossible to tell what will bear transplanting. "The Scarlet Pimpernel," by the Baroness Orczy, has been revived again and again; but there was certainly not much in the book to suggest the remarkable success of the adaptation. There is not a character in the piece, with the possible exception of the French spy. But there is a sort of bustling liveliness about the action, and there are some pretty dresses in the scene at the court of the Prince Regent.

Mr. Arnold Bennett is one of the latest recruits lent by literature to the stage. He has one play running now, and another has just been taken off. As might be judged from his novels, he shows plenty of cleverness, and his dialogue is as good as need

be; but I doubt whether he really possesses the dramatic sense. Still, Mr. Bennett will no doubt acquire this quality, if he does not already quite see his situations from the theatrical standpoint. He has confidence in himself, and great perseverance. At an early period in his life as an author he had mapped out for himself the course he meant to pursue, and he followed it with a single mind until he achieved success. He declared his intention of writing a certain number of stories that would sell, interspersing with them a few that should make his name as a serious novelist. Many of us have had this idea before, but I can recall no other instance of any writer carrying it out with such eminently satisfactory results. The man who could do this ought to have a good chance of conquering the theatrical world, and I should not be in the least surprised to see Mr. Arnold Bennett become one of our most popular dramatists, when once he has found out what the public really wants.

Mr. Rudolf Besier has recently adapted for the stage yet another novel—"Kipps," by Mr. H. G. Wells. I do not think Mr. Wells has made any previous appearance on the stage, and it seems improbable that this venture will give him much encouragement to proceed. It is a pity that Mr. Wells did not try his own hand at the adaptation, instead of employing a trained dramatist for the purpose. For the quality that made "Kipps" as a book is entirely absent from the present stage version. The little shop assistant is employed merely as the central figure of a farce: it is his business to be ridiculous, and the humanity, the little sympathetic touches, that gave life to Mr. Wells's charming novel, are lost. The present version is a vulgarization of a fine story. But I doubt very much whether the work of this author is suited to the theatre. Mr. Wells has so much to say, and he finds it so difficult to leave anything out. "The New Machiavelli" was spoiled as a work of art by the wideness and diversity of its range: it might have been named "Wells on the World in General." And the novelist has infinitely more latitude than the playwright. Yet, on the other hand, Mr. Wells has ideas: he thinks for himself, and is always changing his point of view; he would indubitably prove an interesting recruit to the theatre. It is conceivable that he might, with Mr. Bernard Shaw and his brother novelist Mr. John Galsworthy, form a small band of dramatists who should deal on the stage with something more vital than the trivialities of our customary social comedy.

Mr. Galsworthy's latest play, "The Pigeon," was not a success. But he has proved his ability to write for the stage, and there is food for thought in everything he writes. "Justice" was universally acknowledged to be a very fine piece of work: it will certainly be seen again. Mr. Galsworthy has been attracted to the theatre because he has something to say, not from mere desire to make money easily. He is not of those who seek to produce

stage versions of their novels. And, so far at any rate, his association with the stage has not spoiled his writing. I am inclined to think that this is the worst effect of coqueting with the drama: it is apt to make the novelist write theatrically. Mr. Wells, I remember, once wrote an amusing short story about a man who was ruined by becoming a dramatic critic. The tricks of the trade crept into his daily life: he could not resist the temptation to act: he accentuated his emotions until he became the laughing-stock of his friends and an object of amused contempt to the girl he loved. The same danger, in a way, hangs over the innocent writer of fiction who is seduced by the figures of the box-office and the undeniable charm of seeing his characters tread the boards in actual flesh and blood. He begins to see everything from the point of view of the stalls and the dress circle: he cannot resist the opportunity of bringing in an effective piece of business, or of concluding a chapter with a dramatic curtain. Novelists like Mr. Hall Caine, who have acquired the habit of writing with a view to subsequent production on the stage, have thus a tendency to force the emotional note, to pitch everything in too high a key. Certainly Mr. Galsworthy cannot be accused of this fault; but then he keeps his fiction and his drama separate. And this, to my mind, should always be done. I am glad to see that Mr. H. A. Vachell's new play, soon to be produced, is a new work and not, like his former effort in this direction, a dramatized version of a novel.

E. H. LACON WATSON.

*London, April 5, 1912.*

#### COMMUNICATION.

##### A WORD FOR MAGAZINE VERSE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

A Philadelphia newspaper editor once asked the question, "What's the use of poetry, anyhow?" Doubtless many could enlighten the enquirer; yet in the process of enlightenment, if we are to believe certain critics, magazine verse would be dispensed with. According to these critics, magazine verse is just good enough for its obvious purpose: to "justify" pages, to fill up the chinks, the nooks. This attitude of good-natured tolerance seems to be a general one among reviewers.

It is certainly true that magazine verse plays a small part on the literary stage. Editors aver that there is little or no demand for it among their readers; magazines certainly prosper without it; and in collected book form it rewards only the printer. Indeed, the situation looks bad for our poets and for magazine verse.

But we have heard from the critic, the reviewer, the editors, and the poets themselves. Now why not have a word from a lover of verse,—one who buys certain magazines simply for the poetry they contain, and for no other reason? Frankly, a lover of verse the present writer claims to be; and his ideas may be interesting if not enlightening.

Where are the lovers of verse? One would expect the echoes to answer, "Where?" The true answer is,

nevertheless, that they are everywhere. By way of proof it can be suggested to the doubter that he note the deluge of inquiries for facts concerning poems which flood the offices of such newspapers as maintain a department to answer such inquiries. Let him note, also, the poems that are re-copied over the country in the newspapers—not the cheap doggerel of the daily "joke" column, but serious and thoughtful verse from the best magazines. Then, too, the doubter might try to discover the home without its scrap-book of verse. Personal observation has shown that there are many who buy magazines not because of the fiction writer whose name glories on the cover, but because on the contents page was listed in small type the name of a favorite poet or a goodly array of poems.

To the immediate query, If there is such an array of poetry lovers, why are they not more often heard from? there is an answer. Those who read and enjoy magazine verse are not the kind who make much of the fact; the popularity of a poem cannot be tested by the number of letters of commendation that come into the editor's office. The reason lies in the fact that magazine verse is essentially lyrical, and therefore of a very intimate nature; it deals with individual thought and feeling, and is effective in just so far as it touches the individual mind and heart of the reader. The result is that a reader is not likely to reveal to an editor his deep appreciation of a poem,—he does not bare his intimacies to a stranger in this way. The poem that frames in expressive words the longing of a heart for a loved one will never bring a letter of gratitude to an editor, though it may have touched and been treasured by thousands of hearts.

A fact which critics and reviewers never seem to take into consideration in their criticism of our magazine poets is that the lyrical nature of their work limits its appeal. Most magazine poems consist of only three or four stanzas; and within such limits verse must be essentially subjective in thought, mode, and treatment. So a reader whose life is wholly or largely objective can never be interested by a lyric, though it were written by Israfel himself; such a person has nothing in him to respond to the intimate and tender beauty of a lyric poem: the wood of which he is made will not resound to the throb of the strings.

The narrow confines of the lyric do not give the breadth and depth which great themes of large imaginative and intellectual character require; but the quality of the lyrical matter may be just as high in a poetic sense as that of greater import. A spring may be as perfect in purity and beauty as a lake. From a long and loving familiarity with the lyric writers of the Elizabethan, Romantic, and Victorian Periods of our literature, I can turn to some of our current magazine poets and feel that I am reading work which ranks with that of the sweetest singers of the song-filled days of the past. I would even venture to mention the names of these poets, did I not feel that in doing so I were crossing the Bridge of the Open Heart into the critic's House of Ancient Conceptions.

And so we who are lovers of verse will continue to read on, silent save for a voice out of the wilderness like mine, content to listen to the lutes that are singing clearly and sweetly from the "nooks in the magazines,"—hearing, above the honk of automobiles, the blasts of mills, the grind of wheels, and the frenzied babblings of factions, the still small voice of Song. A. W. P.

*Brattleboro, Vt., April 9, 1912.*

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The New Books.

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## CARDINAL NEWMAN.\*

Some years ago, an able Protestant writer, Professor Charles Sarolea, warned us that we were not to expect too much from Mr. Wilfrid Ward's promised life of Newman. It would be, he assured us, "only an 'official' and expurgated life"; and he inquired, in italics, whether it was not a fact that at least one important letter of Newman's had been deliberately destroyed. We cannot know, of course, to how drastic a process of revision Mr. Ward's pages have been subjected by authority, but it seems unlikely that anything has been suppressed more "compromising" than many things that have been included. There is no attempt whatever to conceal Newman's almost continuous unhappiness from the time he entered the Catholic Church until 1878, nor to gloss over the neglect with which he was treated by his superiors and its effect upon him. So far the most unsympathetic critic of his career may enjoy an easy triumph. But nothing, on the other hand, can be plainer than that, in spite of the agitations, much more than superficial, of almost his whole Catholic life, in spite of the waves and billows that, one after another, went over him, in the depths there was peace—the peace, to be sure, of Purgatory, rather than that of Paradise, as he once intimates; but peace nevertheless, deep-based and unshakable.

Almost from the beginning, his Catholicism was suspected by Catholics and Protestants alike. Not until he had written a sharp and rather uncivil letter to the newspapers did the rumor cease to recur that he was about to return to the Anglican communion. He deplores his friend William George Ward's "never dying misgiving" that they were "in some substantial matter at variance," and "the vague, deep suspicions" that Ward had long cherished concerning him. These suspicions and misgivings were shared by great numbers of Catholics who were, unfortunately, in positions of authority, and they account very largely for the cloud under which Newman lived for long and weary years. Such an attitude on the part of timid men of commonplace minds (though it should be said in passing that Ward was neither timid nor commonplace) is intelligible enough towards a man of Newman's temper, who could walk

securely on giddy intellectual heights, with abysses of error yawning on either side of him, and who could so walk precisely because he perceived the abysses and their peril. Such men thought him headstrong, venturesome, scornful of the safe and beaten way. He thought them blind to the necessity of striking out a path that should allure more daring spirits than theirs to the heights which he, as firmly as they, believed to be the dwelling-place of Truth.

There are many passages in these volumes that show how deeply Newman felt the disapproval of his fellow-Catholics. The pathetic letter in which he resumed his intercourse with Keble after seventeen years, the eagerness with which he renewed his Anglican friendships, show to what a degree he felt himself alone. In the midst of the suspicion and misunderstanding to which he was subjected, he wistfully looked back to his early home and his own people, away from the cheerless and alien world in which, for conscience' sake, he had taken up his abode. Not that he had not there also friendships of the utmost tenderness and intimacy. The touching close of the "Apologia" tells us how tender and how intimate those friendships were. But at best the atmosphere of his new home was not the warm, kindling atmosphere of Oxford days, when heart spoke indeed to heart, when all were "of one heart and of one soul," and had all intellectual things in common. Of one of these renewed friendships he writes: "It was a sad pleasure to me to find how very closely we agreed on a number of matters which have happened since we met. It was almost like two clocks keeping time."

This isolation, this atmosphere of misunderstanding and suspicion, not to say hostility, this entire want of sympathy with his deepest hopes, make up the tragedy of Newman's Catholic life. And "tragedy" is not too strong a name to apply to it. Intentionally or not, Mr. Ward has made him the hero of what is, considering the great importance of its issues, a tragic drama, in which his antagonist is the embodied suspicion of his superiors in the Church. Mr. Ward explicitly affirms that Newman's temperament, difficult as it was, does not account for the small success of his Catholic undertakings—small, that is to say, in proportion to his effort and his powers. The cause, he says, "is to be sought rather in the action of his countrymen who opposed him and in the circumstances of the time which gave them their opportunity." Here evidently is the very stuff of tragedy: a temperament unduly sensitive and perhaps impatient

\*THE LIFE OF JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN. By Wilfrid Ward. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

compelled to collaborate for great ends with a body of men timid, suspicious, and even jealously hostile, in circumstances such as to make their hostility in the highest degree effective. His antagonists, be it understood, were not villains of melodrama. They were, almost without exception, men of exalted aims and holy lives. It was a conflict of temperaments, a true psychological tragedy. One by one, great undertakings into which he had put his highest hope and best effort were thwarted, sometimes by what seemed like harsh and arbitrary intervention, sometimes by an equally wounding neglect; until at last, when he had all but ceased to struggle or to hope, he received that sudden and ample justification which, in the case of the suffering Oedipus at Colonus, Jebb finely calls "the divine amends."

This is the true subject of these volumes, for Mr. Ward very properly gives little space to the events of Newman's life before 1845. They have been sufficiently dealt with in the "Apologia" and the Letters and Correspondence. Those who care for richer detail may seek it in the *chroniques scandaleuses* of Abbott. It is the Catholic Newman about whom, in spite of his Catholic writings, we were ignorant, and whom Mr. Ward has candidly and admirably unveiled.

We are quite sure that the main interest of these memorable volumes will be the light which they throw on the question that will not down in the mind of any non-Catholic student and admirer of Newman: how far did his conversion prevent him from independent thought? What was his real attitude from within towards that authority which, from without, so imposed itself upon his imagination? No one at this time of day is likely to accuse Newman of obscurantism or timidity. But how, practically, did he accommodate himself to the restrictions which, he firmly believed, it is the right of the Church to impose in intellectual matters? This is evidently the question which Mr. Ward has set himself to answer, and which he has answered with candor and completeness. "The mystery of Newman," so far as a minute knowledge of his inner and outer life can clear it up, is no longer a mystery. We think it not too much to say that Mr. Ward has made Newman's attitude entirely intelligible and reasonable, unless perhaps it should seem unreasonable for such a man loyally to share the faith and hope of men in whose conduct reason apparently had so small a place.

The signs of suspicion are manifest from the

first. The hereditary Catholics of England, whose spirit had been well-nigh crushed out of them by the long oppression under which they had suffered, naturally regarded the aggressive enterprises of the distinguished convert with "jealous inertia." They perceived, moreover, as did others later, that his thinking did not run in familiar grooves,—that while his results might be sound, his methods of arriving at them were unexpected. Or, as Perrone, the leading theologian at Rome, once phrased it, Newman looked at certain doctrinal questions "not as we who have been brought up in the Catholic Faith from our childhood." "He meant, I think," writes Ambrose St. John to Newman, that "you viewed them (though with the best intentions) historically, as a person not wholly in the secret would do." Well, those who were "in the secret," whether by birth or initiation,—first the "old Catholics" of England, then the Irish bishops, then Manning, Ward, and Vaughan, then Propaganda — saw to it that the thought and activity of this unaccountable mind should be confined within as narrow limits as possible. Even in the matter of the cardinalate, which put an end to the long period of hostility, it is fairly clear, in spite of Mr. Ward's discretion, that Manning did little or nothing to further Newman's elevation, and, so far as passive resistance could do so, opposed it. Criticized and thwarted on every hand, it is little wonder that a man of Newman's temper became all but disheartened, and that caustic comments escaped his tongue and pen. These comments Mr. Ward does right to print as a guarantee of good faith; but, once read, they need not be repeated and may well be forgotten. No man ought to bear forever the burden of his own impatient speech, especially when that speech is so abundantly warranted. It proves neither that he was a bad Catholic nor a bad Christian, but only that he was a suffering, much-baffled man, whose personal dignity could be offended and whose anger could be roused. There is nothing very edifying about this part of the story,—but then, except to persons who have no proper conception of "such a being as man in such a world as this," it is neither shocking nor surprising. The treasure of the Catholic Faith has been undoubtedly often contained in vessels of very ordinary clay; but it is a treasure, for all that, and in Newman it had a vessel almost wholly worthy of it. One thing, too, should never be forgotten in reading these volumes. Beneath all the misunderstandings and resentments, there is a genuine desire

to do the will of God, to check the advance, not of free thought, but of infidelity, and to keep pure and whole in the hearts of men, in these distressful days, the "Faith once delivered to the Saints."

It was Newman's supposed "liberalism," no doubt, that was the root of his troubles,—his liberalism coupled with his attractiveness. The terror of his power is almost ludicrous. He himself, in his last days, said with a smile: "I think [Ward's] theory was that I was all the more dangerous because I was so attractive—that I was a sort of siren of whose fascination all should beware." Talbot considered him "the most dangerous man in England." He was forbidden to establish the Oratory at Oxford because his presence would be sure to attract to that nursery of error the best Catholic youth of the three kingdoms. When such powers of fascination were allied to such opinions, it was little wonder that he was feared by the Irish bishops, who, as he said, regarded "any intellectual man as being on the road to perdition." He wrote in 1864 that the great obstacle to setting on foot a historical review was that, "unless one doctored all one's facts, one would be thought a bad Catholic." He severed his connection with "The Rambler" at the request of his bishop, who, by the way, was his staunch ally, and who based his request on the ground that "Catholics never had a doubt," and that it therefore "pained them to know that things could be considered doubtful which they had ever implicitly believed." In circumstances like these, a man of Newman's mental energy and intellectual conscience could hardly escape calumny. Yet his aims were moderate, his "liberalism," according to modern Protestant standards, very mild indeed. He feared to have the Church left behind in the march of thought. He wished her, in the person of her accredited teachers, to face the facts of the day. He believed that "the great problem of the hour" was "to promote the influence of Catholic Christianity on modern civilization"; and to have any such influence the Church must at least perceive whither modern civilization is tending and fairly face its problems and its perils. In 1886, he sent to his biographer a memorandum in which he urged the necessity of drawing up a systematic statement of the chief points at issue between scientists and the Church, so that these points might be "candidly discussed among Catholic theologians and men of science with the sanction of Rome itself." "Such frank debate," he thought, "would result in the erection of an authority on the subjects in question which would

inspire general confidence." But all that he insists upon is free and intelligent discussion. He is ready to submit absolutely and loyally to the decision of the Church. He is not a Modernist,—though, by a singular fate, he is one of the fathers of Modernism, in both France and England. There is, he wisely thought, a time to speak and a time to keep silence. The truth is dependent on no one man's advocacy. It can wait, for truth out of season is practically no truth at all. "I have always preached," he writes, "that things which are *really* useful, still are done, according to God's will, at *one time*, not at another; and that, if you attempt at a *wrong time*, what in *itself* is *right*, you may perhaps become a heretic or schismatic." And so, in concluding the Dublin University lectures, he urges his hearers to "trust the Church of God implicitly," to remember the difficulties of her task, the length of her experience, the greatness of her achievement. He begs them, in a word, to be patient like her, and to await the slow revealing of the mind of God. He was, in the best sense of the word, an opportunist, and this was the reason for his valiant opposition to the Vatican decrees of 1870. He regarded the new definition of Infallibility as unnecessary and inopportune, and the means by which it was brought about as inviting "a stern Nemesis" upon the Church for the deeds of an "insolent and aggressive faction." He had long held the doctrine in a sane and moderate form, as the later pages of the "Apologia" testify. But he feared the effect of defining it, of making it *de fide*, upon the fortunes of the Church at so critical a juncture. He was stirred to anger and dismay at the flippant shortsightedness of Ward, who was quoted as saying that he "should like a new Papal Bull"—he meant an "infallible" one—"every morning with his *Times* at breakfast." On this extreme view, that the Pope could hardly speak except infallibly, one of the Fathers of the Oratory wittily observed that Ward and men like him ascribed to the Pope "a gift 'like that of Midas' touch of gold,' very wonderful, but very inconvenient." While the dogma was not affirmed in any such extreme form as Newman at first feared, the best he could say of it was that he was "pleased at its moderation—that is, if the doctrine in question is to be defined at all." Thereafter he was silent, but his position was probably that of the Psalmist: "I held my tongue and spake nothing: I kept silence, yea, even from good words; but it was pain and grief to me." It should, however, be remembered that in this instance it was only his sense of

expediency that he was obliged to submit, not his faith.

Some of his unhappiness was due, it is evident, to unfortunate personal qualities,—unfortunate, that is, in the circumstances. From his childhood, he was cursed with an almost morbid sensitiveness to praise and blame, and this, Mr. Ward points out, often stood in his way. Where another man would have claimed his rights and insisted upon a hearing, Newman took refuge in a dignified, not a sulky, silence, when he found himself misunderstood or treated with courtesy. He found it hard, as he said, "to wait at Episcopal doors" and to endure Episcopal manners. "I suppose it is what he learned at Rome," he says of one of the Irish bishops, alluding to the abrupt manners and high-handed ways that prevailed at the Curia and at Propaganda. For Pius IX. he felt the love as well as the loyalty of a son, but he found him surrounded by "second-rate people" who were "not subjects of that supernatural guidance which is his prerogative." He viewed "with equanimity the prospect of a thorough routing-out of things at Rome," and he cherished the hope that "the Latin race will not always have a monopoly of the *magisterium* of Catholicism." He writes in his journal of 1860 that, next to the praise of God, he has sought the praise of his superiors, but that he has been "treated only with slight and unkindness"; he has been "misrepresented, backbiten, and scorned"; and he concludes that though they have a claim upon his obedience, they have none upon his "admiration or inward trust."

This state of mind is the result not of thwarted ambition or of injured self-love, but of his eager desire to be of use to the Church for which he had sacrificed everything but his conscience and his love of the Truth. Often in his letters and journals the mournful reflection occurs that Rome is throwing him away. "When I am gone," he writes in 1859, "it will be seen perhaps that persons stopped me from doing a *work* which I *might* have done." His small success was no doubt due in part also to a certain incapacity for managing men. With all his fascination he was perhaps unfitted by nature to control others. One of his friends explains this on the ground that "he had too keen a sympathy for individuality to enforce the necessary drill." And indeed his results were always gained by quite other than party methods—by the seminal method, rather; and more than one profound and far-reaching tendency in both the Anglican and Roman communions to-day testifies to the

efficacy of his seed-sowing. "*Paucorum hominum sum,*" he wrote, and if you choose your "few" with care, there is, in the long run, no better way.

At last the tide of official favor turned. The cloud of neglect and misunderstanding was lifted. He passed, almost in an instant, from the position of "a nobody," as he sorrowfully said, to the rank of a prince of the Church. He had not sought high place, and no man ever considered himself less competent to fill it. He had desired only to work, to be useful, and he had been "laid aside,"—apparently "thrown away." And then, when he could work no more, he suddenly found that what he had accomplished against baffling obstacles, though so much less than he wished, though as nothing in his eyes, was valued and honored by those whom, under God, he most wished to please. He found, indeed, that it was he that was honored and valued, that his life was his work, and that the Church to which it had been devoted accepted and crowned it. Little wonder that he exclaimed when he was informed of the cardinalate, "The cloud is lifted from me forever." The twelve years that remained to him were years of peace. Surrounded by the love and devotion of his sons of the Oratory, by the admiration and respect of his countrymen, by the veneration of the Catholic world, he lived out his appointed days. "The weight of years," he had written long before, "falls on me as snow, gently though surely." His bond with life was loosened link by link, while he watched the process with clear mind and peaceful acquiescent heart. When he died, it seemed to many, as Mr. R. W. Hutton said, that "a white star was extinguished in their mental horizon." He was not a saint. To an admirer who desired to canonize him in his lifetime, he wrote: "Saints are not literary men, they do not love the classics, they do not write Tales. I may be well enough in my way, but it is not 'the high line.'" But if not a saint, he was a religious genius of the very highest order, of the race and lineage of Pascal. A large part of his charm and a very large part of his helpfulness, both personally and in his writings, lie in the fact that all his life long he did what he once gently rebuked a friend for not doing: "with a resolute heart and with earnestness," he "fought the battle of his soul." It is for this reason that these words of the Abbé Bremond, his most subtle and sympathetic critic, strike us as so profoundly adequate:

"Artist of the first rank, the best part of his art consists in making palpable and transparent the realities of

the invisible world. Religious philosopher, all his doctrine may be reduced to making the expectation, the desire, and the need of God the foundation of all apologetic and the very basis of the act of faith. Too much like men in general to be canonized, he nevertheless keeps and will keep the glory of being one of those men, rare and predestinate, who impose on everyone that approaches them the thought of God."

CHARLES H. A. WAGER.

CLASSICS FOR THE MILLIONS.\*

We live in an age of marvels, and not the least of these is the easy accessibility of the world's best books to a large proportion of the world's population. Not only does the public library open wide its doors to all that care to enter, but every person not absolutely a pauper can at little expense acquire a library of his own, even if it be of only five-foot-shelf size or smaller. Of all the many modern publishing enterprises that have helped to make possible to everyone this ownership of a private library, the series of standard works bearing the imprint of J. M. Dent & Sons in London, and of E. P. Dutton & Co. in New York, and known as "Everyman's Library," deserves mention among the foremost, if not as the very foremost. Begun a few years ago under the able editorship of Mr. Ernest Rhys, and with the design of covering so wide a field that not fewer than a thousand volumes would be required to complete the set, this splendid (but remarkably inexpensive) library already numbers nearly six hundred volumes, and is rapidly increasing. A few passages from the publishers' preface to their descriptive list will best explain the purpose and scope of the undertaking.

"It has not expected him [the reader] to be a serious student only, and it has given with a free hand the lighter reading he has asked for. But it has tried to make even the novel, whose claim hangs on its story, the pilot to literature at large; and it has stretched the English stage to touch that of Athens, and set *Eschylus* by *Shakespeare*. Among the achievements it counts, which have brought the hitherto unattainable big things to book, may be noted its eight volumes of *Hakluyt's Travels*, the *Koran* in *Rodwell's* fine version, its reprint of *Rawlinson's Herodotus*, its new edition of *Sir Francis Galton's* invaluable "An Enquiry into Human Faculty," and its translations of *Balzac's* novels. Other works which have required special enterprise are *Grote's Greece* (in twelve volumes), *Finlay's* histories, and the invaluable set of *Ruskin's* works with the careful artistic reproductions of the original plates. . . .

"At an earlier stage we pointed out some of the difficulties of the whole vast scheme, and showed it would

\*EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY. Edited by Ernest Rhys. To be completed in one thousand volumes, of which nearly six hundred are now ready. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

be quite impossible to achieve it unless the public became as it were a working partner in it with the publishers. Since then signs of the personal interest taken in it by people all the world over have reached the publishers daily. . . .

"The Fiction section is large in proportion; but your novel is the best of all inducements to other and graver works. Besides, who can vouch that he has learnt as much of London from any history-book as from the gay, grave, witty, and poignant pages of Charles Dickens?"

Among those who have given generously of their time and scholarship toward the perfecting of this series, may be noted, in the list of later volumes alone, the names of Professor Saintsbury, who furnishes introductions to Fielding's "Joseph Andrews" and "Lives of the Novelists"; Dr. Charles W. Eliot, who prefaces Herbert Spencer's "Essays on Education and Kindred Subjects"; Professor Trent of Columbia, who introduces *Byron* to the reader; Professor Schelling of the University of Pennsylvania, who does the same for *Ben Jonson*; Professor George P. Baker of Harvard, who renders a like service to lovers of *Beaumont and Fletcher*; Sir Oliver Lodge, who invites students of science to the perusal of Huxley's lectures and essays; Mr. Lewis Melville, Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, Mr. Austin Dobson, and many more of equal repute. And now, to whet the appetite to a still keener edge for this rich and varied banquet, let us quote at random from the Introduction to the first volume that comes to hand. Here is our amiable old *Pepys*'s incomparable "Diary," in two compact but legibly printed parts, and prefaced by Dr. Richard Garnett, with a publishers' note to show that this is the fourth reprinting of the work in this edition. Of those two perennially diverting betrayers of their own weaknesses, *Pepys* and *Boswell*, Dr. Garnett takes occasion to say:

"Their special distinction consists in this, that here, and here only, men whose considerable intellectual endowments included a lively perception of the humorous, lose all sense of humour when their own deportment is in question, and continually represent themselves in an absurd light, with an unconsciousness more diverting than the most sparkling wit or the most refined satire. The capital humour of the situation lies in the circumstance that the men who thus give themselves away are by no means fools, and are keen to remark anything absurd in the behaviour of others. . . . The marvel in *Pepys's* case is not lessened by the fact that he certainly did not intend or expect his *Diary* to be read. A man of sense, and *Pepys* was a man of great good sense, would never even in that case have knowingly exhibited himself in a series of ludicrous positions. He is evidently quite unconscious that there is anything laughable in his behaviour when he accepts a bribe without looking at it, 'that I might say that I did not know what there was in the bag'; or when, finding the venison which his

patron has sent him to be tainted, he forthwith despatches it to his mother. Thousands of men would have done the like, no one but Pepys would have written it down."

Among the more noteworthy issues of this Library—if comparisons are admissible where such uniform high excellence prevails—it is natural to point out, in this Dickens centennial year, the editions of his novels prefaced (with a single exception) by that inveterate Dickensian, Mr. G. K. Chesterton. Let us here snatch at least a fragment from his highly characteristic foreword to "Nicholas Nickleby." His writings may not be gospel to us, but they have a way of arresting the attention.

"All romance consists of three characters. Other characters may be introduced; but those other characters are certainly mere scenery as far as the romance is concerned. They are bushes that wave rather excitedly; they are posts that stand up with a certain pride; they are correctly painted rocks that frown very correctly; but they are all landscape—they are all a background. In every pure romance there are three living and moving characters. For the sake of argument they may be called St. George and the Dragon and the Princess. In every romance there must be the twin elements of loving and fighting. In every romance there must be the three characters: there must be the Princess, who is a thing to be loved; there must be the Dragon, who is a thing to be fought; and there must be St. George, who is a thing that both loves and fights. There have been many symptoms of cynicism and decay in our modern civilization; there have been many indications of an idle morality cutting up life to please itself, and an idle philosophy doubting first whether truth is accepted and then doubting whether it is truth at all. But of all the signs of modern feebleness, of lack of grasp on morals as they actually must be, there has been none quite so silly or so dangerous as this: that the philosophers of to-day have started to divide loving from fighting and to put them into opposite camps."

The high character of the Library and of its editorship being thus sufficiently established, it may be interesting to note that of the first five hundred volumes published the number in each different class of literature is as follows (we quote from the publishers' statistical statement): "Biography, 35; classical, 21; essays and belles-lettres, 62; fiction, 155; history, 56; oratory, 5; poetry and drama, 39; reference books, 4; romance, 15; science, 10; theology and philosophy, 28; travel and topography, 26; young people's books, 44." In the cloth binding—the volumes are also bound in flexible leather—different colors and shades are used to distinguish the different classes of literature. For example, fiction glows in a warm crimson; history clothes itself in scarlet, perhaps thus symbolizing the bloody battle-fields that inevitably stain its pages; poetry and drama appear in olive green; the oriental classics in dark blue; biography in lavender; and reference books in maroon. The binding, print, and paper are all that could be

asked for in such a series. Where the length of a work is considerable, very thin but opaque paper has been used. "Nicholas Nickleby" is thus compressed within the limits of a volume less than an inch thick, but having nearly nine hundred clearly-printed pages. How so much of worth for so small a price is made, or is hoped to be made, a commercial possibility, will appear from the following further quotation from the publishers' explanatory foreword:

"To close this preamble, we can hardly do better than repeat, with no loss of emphasis, what we said two years ago of our ambition, and our difficulties in bringing it liberally to its aim. The grand idea of *Everyman's Library*, then, is to offer to Everyman, to every English reader in any country, the choice of every great author that exists, who can be brought into the literature in a compact and comely form. But this is a vast undertaking; and it can be accomplished only if the public in England, America, the Colonies, and elsewhere learn to look upon it as their own affair, and co-operate with the editors and publishers stage by stage. If the publishers can depend on their audience in this way, then *Everyman's Library* will continue to keep an open house, where (as Philemon Holland says, paraphrasing Plutarch) 'there is a Grace and Muse met together—that is to say de-light conjoined with some knowledge and learning.'"

A word of hearty commendation is due to the expertly compiled "Dictionary Catalogue of the First 505 Volumes of *Everyman's Library*," which is issued in uniform style with the series itself. Miss Isabella M. Cooper and Miss Margaret A. McVety, librarians of experience in cataloguing, are chiefly responsible for this well-annotated and cross-referenced list. No marks of classification, Dewey or other, have been set opposite the titles; but there is space enough to fill them in if it be desired to use this printed catalogue for working purposes in either public or private library. The only regret is that it will need revision and enlargement as succeeding volumes in the second half of the series are published.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

#### THE POETRY OF INSECT LIFE.\*

"Do you know this Halicti? Perhaps not. There is no great harm done: it is quite possible to enjoy the few pleasures of life without knowing the Halicti. Nevertheless, when questioned with persistence, those humble creatures with no history can tell us some very singular things; and their acquaintance is not to be disdained if we desire to enlarge our ideas a little upon the bewildering rabble of this world. Since we have nothing better to do, let us look into these Halicti."

Thus does Fabre introduce us to the burrowing bees, which are as common in this country as

\* *THE LIFE AND LOVE OF THE INSECT.* By J. Henri Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: The Macmillan Co.

in his own South of France. Anyone may know the Halicti, with pleasure and advantage; yet as a matter of fact there are probably not a dozen people in America who have made their acquaintance, in the intimate Fabrian sense. There is a certain absurdity in reviewing the writings of Fabre at this late date. The "Souvenirs Entomologiques" are classical, and have been quoted in every work on general entomology or psychology for many years past. Nevertheless, as Maeterlinck justly wrote, "the crowd is almost ignorant of the name of J. H. Fabre, who is one of the most profound and inventive scholars and also one of the purest writers, and, I was going to add, one of the finest poets, of the century that is just past." Scientific writings may be divided into three groups: technical works intended for scientific men, popular compilations for general use, and works which contribute to literature and science at the same time. Of the first two there is no lack, but our third division is so poorly represented as to have led to the saying that those who can write on scientific subjects have no original ideas, while those who have ideas cannot write. It is even true that popular works by eminent investigators are usually to be described as critical compilations, taking no high rank as science or literature. Nothing of this sort could be said of Fabre, who errs, if at all, on the side of excessive originality. The Fabrian doctrine in science is like that of Auguste Sabatier in religion: away from authority, away from institutionalism, toward the source of light itself, approached *naively* and with confidence. Entomology, with Fabre, is a matter strictly between the observer and the insect. In one of his chapters, after describing how he was misled by placing reliance on what he had read, he gives an account of a visit from Pasteur, in illustration of his point.

"Pasteur's tour through the Avignon region had sericulture for its object. For some years, the silk-worm nurseries had been in confusion, ravaged by unknown plagues. The worms, for no appreciable reason, were falling into a putrid deliquescence, [or] hardening, so to speak, into plaster sugar-plums. The downcast peasant saw one of his chief crops disappearing; after much care and trouble, he had to fling his nurseries on the dung-heap.

"A few words were exchanged on the prevailing blight; and then, without further preamble, my visitor said: 'I should like to see some cocoons. I have never seen any; I know them only by name. Could you get me some?'

"Nothing easier. My landlord happens to sell cocoons, and he lives in the next house. If you will wait a moment, I will bring you what you want.'

"Four steps took me to my neighbour's, where I crammed my pockets with cocoons. I came back and

handed them to the savant. He took one, turned and turned it between his fingers; he examined it curiously, as one would a strange object from the other end of the world. He put it to his ear and shook it: "Why, it makes a noise!" he said, quite surprised.

"There's something inside!"

"Of course there is."

"What is it?"

"The chrysalis."

"How do you mean, the chrysalis?"

"I mean the sort of mummy into which the caterpillar changes before becoming a moth."

"And has every cocoon one of those things inside it?"

"Obviously. It is to protect the chrysalis that the caterpillar spins."

"Really?"

"And, without more words, the cocoons passed into the pocket of the savant, who was to instruct himself at his leisure touching that great novelty, the chrysalis. I was struck by this magnificent assurance. Pasteur had come to regenerate the silk-worm, while knowing nothing about caterpillars, cocoons, chrysalises or metamorphoses. The ancient gymnasts came naked to the fight. The talented combatant of the plague of our silk-worm nurseries hastened to the battle likewise naked, that is to say, destitute of the slightest notions about the insect which he was to deliver from danger. . . . This novice, whose artless questions surprised me so greatly, is about to revolutionize the hygiene of the silk-worm nurseries. In the same way, he will revolutionize medicine and general hygiene."

This amusing description requires a little explanation. Little as Pasteur may have known of entomology, he did know about bacteria, and was a learned chemist. Of Fabre himself it is equally true that he approached his problems with a mind well stored with knowledge and trained in judgment. These advantages, combined with a high degree of native ability, produced the results we so much admire. Nevertheless, it was equally true of Pasteur and Fabre, that they sought direct contact with nature, and it was certainly due to their freedom from the shackles of tradition that they made many of their important discoveries. One remembers how Pasteur was solemnly assured by the best authorities that it was useless to attack the question of spontaneous generation, and how even Darwin used to surprise his friends by starting all sorts of apparently crazy experiments.

The impression one has, on reading Fabre's charming essays, is that since the materials are everywhere abundant, one has only to go out-of-doors and watch, to see things as he saw them. This is not precisely the truth, and yet it is possible to learn. Beginning with insects of the same kinds as those studied by Fabre, one may first substantially repeat his observations, and when more experienced, go on to others never yet observed. There is indeed an excellent field for original work in every part

of this country, and perhaps when the opportunities are better understood there will be more workers. There are, however, difficulties other than intellectual. The work consumes a great deal of time, and is often physically exhausting. Dr. and Mrs. Peckham of Milwaukee, who better than any others represent Fabre in America, thus write of their experiences when watching wasps :

"For a whole week of scorching summer weather we lived in the bean patch, scorning fatigue. We quoted to each other the example of Fabre's daughter Claire, whose determination to solve the problem of *Odynerus* led to a sun-stroke. We followed scores of wasps as they hunted; we ran, we threw ourselves upon the ground, we scrambled along on our hands and knees in our desperate endeavors to keep them in view, and yet they escaped us. After we had kept one in sight for an hour or more some sudden flight would carry her far away and all our labor was lost."

This is quoted from "The Instincts and Habits of the Solitary Wasps," a book which will delight all those who care for the works of Fabre.

No doubt it is for the younger generation, some of whom may have more leisure for intellectual pursuits than their parents, that the message of Fabre is chiefly of value. We would suggest to those who have children of high school age, that a copy of the work now reviewed might in many cases be an acceptable present. The work is of course only a translation of a selection from the "Souvenirs." The translation is a good one in some respects, pleasant to read and retaining much of the lively style of the French; but it greatly needs revising in detail. It is to be hoped that before long a new edition will be called for, and that it will be thoroughly gone over by an expert before publication.

T. D. A. COCKERELL.

#### PROBLEMS OF HUMANITY AND PROPERTY.\*

That the labor problem is a serious one in the United States, as well as in England and France, is a fact which students of public affairs must admit. That it cannot be understood without a knowledge of certain underlying forces is another fact equally patent, and one which is a sufficient justification of the ever-increasing amount of literature dealing with the subject. The student of history cannot help recalling the mass of literature which deluged France before the Revolution, and wondering if the present flood will help us to a saner solution than was the immediate result in that country. At least

\* THE HISTORY AND PROBLEMS OF ORGANIZED LABOR.  
By Frank Tracy Carlton, Ph.D. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

it can be said that much of the present literature is sane. To this class belongs Professor Carlton's book, "The History and Problems of Organized Labor."

But while the book is sane, it is not exactly what one would expect from the title. The history of the conditions which drove labor almost to desperation, and of the fierce struggles through which it has passed, has been reduced to the minimum; the purpose of the author being to state the present problems of labor with the barest necessities of historical background. The problems are various, beginning with the forms of government and the determination of policies of the labor unions. The various coercive measures used by laborers and employers to attain their ends, the methods of remuneration, including the different kinds of wages, profit-sharing and coöperation, the means of settling disputes, and protective legislation, are all described at length. A chapter is devoted to immigration, because of its influence on the labor situation. The "sweated" industries receive due attention; as do also the problems of child, woman, and prison labor, unemployment, and industrial education.

A striking characteristic of the book is its balance. It is neither a tirade against capital nor a special plea for labor. Apparently the author has attempted to state the facts from a disinterested point of view. The facts are so overwhelming, that he, with every open-minded man, inevitably leans to one side — the side on which are found life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But it is not the liberty of a century ago, the *laissez faire* kind. We have changed all that, — yes, since fifty, even twenty years ago.

Sixty years ago, Herbert Spencer declared that every attempt to alleviate the suffering of the poor through state intervention only resulted in its exacerbation. Speaking of education, he said: "Taking away a man's property to educate his own or other people's children is not needful for the maintenance of his rights, and hence is wrong." He further declared that no rights of children were violated by a failure to educate them. Even if their rights were violated by this neglect, the presumption is that Spencer would say that it was violating another and greater right to tax a man for their education. He even said that it was a "violation of the moral law" for the State "to interpose between quacks and those who patronize them," and that it was an inalienable right of the individual to "buy medicine and advice from whomsoever he pleases."

Such was the despairing effort of a nineteenth-century philosopher of the *laissez faire* school

to bolster up the claims of the privileged classes under the guise of liberty and rights. If anyone should object that such was not his object, it is enough to say that social conditions in England were such at that time that any careful observer ought to have been able to see that the carrying out of such teaching would have that result. The twentieth-century man is no less jealous of liberty and rights; but it is a far cry from Spencer to the present-day conception of what constitutes liberty and rights. In Spencer's day, the world had pretty generally accepted the principle of the freedom of thought, and was beginning to ask, What is that freedom worth if a man is left so ignorant that he cannot think? Then it was decided that children had a right to demand of the State an opportunity to make this freedom real,—that is, an opportunity for an education at public expense; to-day we have gone beyond that and decided that the State has the right to demand that the child shall be educated at its expense for the welfare of the social whole.

Thus slowly and painfully do we change our conceptions of the content of real liberty. The *laissez faire* philosophy took a strong hold on the imaginations of men, and it is hard for us to get rid of the notion that liberty and equality depend on a "hands-off" policy on the part of the State. This policy worked at least moderately well in this country in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, when land was plentiful and a laborer really had an opportunity to work for himself when he became dissatisfied with his employer. But to-day the liberty to quit his job if he does not like the conditions or his wages means little less than the liberty to starve. Society, says Professor Carlton, "is slowly coming to the realization of the fact that equality of treatment of unequal often results in gross injustice."

If society is slowly coming to this decision, the courts are coming to it somewhat more slowly. Only sixteen years ago the Supreme Court of Illinois declared void an eight-hour law for women, on the ground that it was the policy of the State to advance the cause of women, whereas this law would relegate her "back to dependence." Most courts declined to follow Illinois in this treatment of women and children, holding that children were the wards of the State, and that some favorable legislation was necessary in the case of women to put them, in the words of Justice Holmes, "on terms of equality with the more powerful party." Yet as late as 1907 the New York Court of Appeals declared void a law prohibiting night-work by women

wage-earners, on the ground that it was an unwarranted interference with the freedom of contract. But be it said to the honor of Illinois, that in 1910 her courts sustained a ten-hour law for women.

But if woman and child workers have made gains, male workers still have much for which to fight. There is as yet no recognition of the fact that inequalities exist as between man and man, as well as between men and women; and that a weak man may need some protective legislation "to put him on terms of equality with the more powerful party." Neither do the courts, says Professor Carlton, "assume the same attitude toward an attempt of organized labor to obtain an eight-hour day that they do toward an attempt on the part of aggregate capital—a corporation—to acquire property. The right to daily leisure is not legally safeguarded as securely as the right to acquire and hold property." To-day the Pittsburg landlord spends his leisure—which is all his time—in Europe, and collects his rents through an agent from workers in the mills who are given enough leisure out of twelve hours of toil seven days in the week to pay this tribute. Some day, perhaps, we shall set humanity above property.

DAVID Y. THOMAS.

#### THE TRUTH ABOUT NIETZSCHE.\*

Friedrich Nietzsche's life was lived in a series of decades. Born October 15, 1844, on the forty-ninth anniversary of the birth of the "Romanticist on the Throne," Friedrich Wilhelm IV., after whom he was named, Nietzsche was for ten years (1858-68) a student at Pforta, Bonn, and Leipzig; for ten years (1869-79) Professor of Classical Philology at Basel; for ten years (1879-89) an almost incredibly prolific writer; and for ten years (1889-1900) a man without a mind. He enjoyed just twenty years of mature productive activity. During the first half of this period he had to attend to the various academic duties that devolve upon a very young professor; throughout the greater part of the

\* *FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE: THE DIONYSIAN SPIRIT OF THE AGE.* By A. R. Orage. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. *NIETZSCHE.* By Paul Elmer More. With portrait. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

*FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE AND HIS NEW GOSPEL.* By Emily S. Hamblen. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

*NIETZSCHE AND ART.* By Anthony M. Ludovici. London: Constable & Co., Ltd.

*THE QUINTESSENCE OF NIETZSCHE.* By J. M. Kennedy. New York: Duffield & Co.

*ECCE HOMO.* By Friedrich Nietzsche. Translated by Anthony M. Ludovici. New York: The Macmillan Co.

*THE LIFE OF FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.* By Daniel Halévy; translated by J. M. House; introduction by T. M. Kettle. With portrait. New York: The Macmillan Co.

entire period he suffered the tortures of the damned from his head and his eyes and his stomach. Yet his works, so far as they have been published in Germany, consist of seventeen volumes aggregating over 8500 pages of solid if repetitive material. And there is more to come. Small wonder, then, that George Brandes, in one of the very first trustworthy essays on Nietzsche (1888), should have said in his just and divinatory way: "Of modern German writers, Nietzsche is to me the most interesting. He deserves to be studied, interpreted, refuted, and assimilated."

Nietzsche was a philologist (1869-76), a philosopher (1876-83), a prophet (1883-89), a psychologist at times, and always a poet. He abounded in affliction, aspiration, courtesy, family pride, fortitude, individualism, intelligence, lyricism, melancholy, paradoxes, and receptivity. He lacked balance, common sense, humor, modesty, originality, patriotism, and sympathy. He liked aphorisms, chloral, Dionysos, Greece, big-sounding words, music, solitude, strength, the Old Testament, and war. He disliked alcohol, anarchism, anti-Semitism, Apollo, constraint, Christianity, the crowd, history, Prussia, romanticism, socialism, specialists, the New Testament, tobacco, and women. That is to say, it *seems* as though he did. But to take only one case, Nietzsche possessed such a huge amount of common sense that we are apt to be prejudiced as to the quality in the face of such an overwhelming quantity.

More so than in the case of Prince Paul Troubetzkoy, Nietzsche's works constitute his life. He thought much, he read little, he acted less. Nor do the few conspicuous features of his life add materially to an explanation of his works. He came of a long line of long-lived Protestant preachers. He never spoke a word until he was two and a half years old, and his first spoken word was "grandma." He blushed, as a child, when he broke anything—and then spent his adult years trying to break things. He heard, as a mere boy, Händel's "Messiah," and went straight home and began to compose another "Messiah." If he found a girl apparently as clever as a boy, he attributed the equality to some supernatural power—and this before reading Schopenhauer. He wrote out a complete invoice of his life every time he took a decisive step. He matriculated at the University of Leipzig, October 18, 1865, just one century after Goethe's matriculation at the same institution, and laughed in his sleeve when Rector Kahn advised the fellows not to follow Goethe's example as a student. He sat through many lectures, took almost no notes, and became a very wise man. Leipzig gave him a doctor's degree, when he was twenty-four years old, without dissertation or examination. Since he spent the major part of his life writing dissertations, one can pardon this feature of his unique degree, but he should have been obliged to pass the examinations, for he just barely passed those at Pforta. He was a Professor of Philology who advised his students not to become philologists. He himself did some glaringly inaccurate etymologizing. He is the author of more puns than any man who

ever wrote the German language. Sensitive himself as an anemone, he felt it his mission to despise the weak, crush the mediocre, and refute the strong. All of which is more interesting than explanatory.

Although Nietzsche had but one contemporary disciple, Heinrich Köselitz, he has been followed up by legions of posthumous ones. Mr. M. A. Mügge makes the statement in his life of Nietzsche (1908) that there have been nearly one fourth as many monographs written on him as on Shakespeare. The same writer points out the influence of Nietzsche on Alberti, Andrejanoff, Bleibtreu, Conrad, Conradi, Dehmel, Ernst, Fulda, Halbe, Hart, Hauptmann, Heyse, Jordan, Kappf-Essenthaler, Kretzer, von Leixner, von Mayer, Mauthner, Rosmer, Spielhagen, Sudermann, Schlaf, Weigand, Widmann, and Wilbrandt, in Germany, as well as a space-consuming list of writers in England, France, Spain, Italy, and Russia. But we are concerned here with Nietzschean students. What has been their attitude toward their hero? Those who have studied him but little, or not at all, condemn his works on the ground that he was revolutionary, and cynical, and contradictory, and insane. Those who have studied him most, and who knew him longest and best, deny the charge of insanity previous to January 4, 1889, and look upon the other unenviable characteristics as being as irrelevant to a discussion of his works as would Da Vinci's hobnobbing with Cæsar Borgia be to an appreciation of his "La Gioconda." Lessing said once, that in order to understand any single sentence of Aristotle, it was necessary to read all of Aristotle. It is just so with Nietzsche. And to the student who has read all of Nietzsche, the case presents itself about as follows: We have to do here with a man of imaginative intellectuality, who believed in the will to power, the eternal return of the same, the relativity of all things, and that the existence of the world is justified only as an aesthetic phenomenon. Equip a man with such faith, and then let him always be thinking, and poetizing, and writing while awake, and so arrange his health that he has to take chloral in order to sleep, and we get those seventeen volumes that provoked the seven studies with which we have to deal in this review.

Mr. Orage's booklet on Nietzsche is just half as long as the Constitution of the United States. In the very first sentence, he refers to his hero as "the greatest European event since Goethe," thus ruling out of court Victor Hugo, whom Nietzsche dubbed "the light-house on the sea of nonsense." A little later, Nietzsche is referred to as "the brightest intellectual light that Europe knew." So this is no uninspired study. And yet, what Mr. Orage has actually done is this: After giving the few facts of Nietzsche's life in the first chapter, he has analyzed his first work, "The Birth of Tragedy," in which Nietzsche set up the famous doctrine of Apollo against Dionysos. Nietzsche always claimed that he was the first to formulate this principle. Yet Friedrich Schlegel did it before him, in so many words, and Schiller did

it before him, in other words, in *Die Würde der Frauen*, which poem might have been entitled *Die Unwürde der Männer*. This is the doctrine: Just as procreation is dependent on the duality of the sexes, so is the continuous development of art bound up with the duplexity of the Apollonian and the Dionysian. Apollo is the good and manly god of shape, restraint, boundaries of justice, light, sweet reasonableness, individualization, beauty, the harp, the epic, the god of Homer, of sooth-saying, and of dreams. Dionysos is the bad god of formlessness, lack of restraint, loss of the individual, the dithyrambic god of romanticism, of the tragedy, of Archilochus, of drunkenness, and of music. Mr. Orage has, to be sure, a chapter on "Beyond Good and Evil," and one on "The Superman," but they do not get far beyond Nietzsche's first work. The most interesting page in the whole treatise is the one containing the list of dead and living Dionysian writers,—of the former, twenty-four, of the latter, eight, as follows: Brandes, Bernard Shaw, W. H. Hudson, R. B. Cunningham Graham, Gorki, H. G. Wells, Edward Carpenter, and W. B. Yeats. Of the former list, Blake is possibly the most interesting, since Mr. Orage says elsewhere that "he who has read the *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, and grasped its significance, will have little to learn from the apostle of *Zarathustra*."

Mr. Paul Elmer More began his study of Nietzsche "with a feeling of repulsion for the man," and laid it down with "pity for his tragic failures and admiration for his reckless devotion to ideas"—another case of *tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner, si non tout admirer*. He attempts to define Nietzsche's attitude toward sympathy and egotism. The book is very small, the point of view very comprehensive. Beginning with the pure egotism of the seventeenth century moralists, as preached by Hobbes and La Rochefoucauld, we pass on to the faintly sympathetic naturalism of Locke and Mandeville, then to Hume who made a more or less altruistic naturalism current, and Adam Smith who gave it sentiment, next we hear of Laurence Sterne and Henry Brooke who added the touch of sentimentality, which touch prepares us for Rousseau who taught that self-interest is sure to work injustice, and Schleiermacher, who preached the universal sympathy of German Romanticism—all of which takes us two centuries away from Nietzsche, who admired La Rochefoucauld and anathematized "sympathy with the lowly and the suffering as a standard for the elevation of the soul." After this long but legitimate digression, Mr. More returns to Nietzsche the arch-egotist, the prophet who made some highly provocative remarks concerning his self-interested efforts to reach a superhuman goal. The work stimulates. Yet this book, like all of Nietzsche's own books, shows that he is a very wise man who can fly in the face of the relativity of all things and determine, with stop-watch accuracy, just where egotism ends and altruism begins,—or the other way around.

Miss Emily Hamblen made her study of Nietzsche for America. She believes, namely, that our ten-

dencies are directly away from our enunciated ideals, and that Nietzsche's penetrating thought will therefore help us to discover our actual minds—hence the New Gospel. But with the best of intentions it cannot be said that hers is a new exegesis of Nietzsche's old message—unless it be the one chapter on style, where she points out that Nietzsche gave new meanings to such terms as "will," "free spirit," "sympathy," "logic," "reason," "knowledge," and "necessity." Webster and his whole fraternity walk on a bottomless quag in this chapter, but life remains the same. To explain, for example, "necessity" biologically will neither lower the cost of provisions nor clarify our aspirations. The fact of the whole business is this: Nietzsche was an untiring attacker. In the seventh aphorism of "Why I am so wise," he tells us that he attacked only the triumphant, and that he did this alone, impersonally, and unreminiscently. It is healthy to have a select number of this sort of men around. They nerve; but they do not find a new gospel. Evangelists, like constitutions, need occasional amendments, but complete supplantation—never!

Of the seven studies considered in the present review, Mr. Ludovici's "Nietzsche and Art" is the most remarkable, partly because the writer approaches Nietzsche from the aesthetic side. Despite the fact that Nietzsche was essentially a man of letters, and not a student of science (which he loathed as something that only produces ugliness), the book on "Nietzsche the Littérateur," though it is being cared for, has not yet been written. Nietzsche bore about the same relation to German letters that Emerson (whom he read and adored and imitated) bore to American letters. This, in substance, is Mr. Ludovici's thesis: The highest Art, or Ruler-Art, in which culture is opposed to chaos can be the product only of an aristocratic society. Nietzsche preached the highest type, the Superman. But with mob at the top and mob at the bottom, the multitude feel it their privilege, if not their duty, to smear and smatter in art, so we get mob and medley in art. If we had, however, such a faith in a worthy Ruler-Type as existed in the Egypt that produced the diorite statue of King Khephrén, the builder of the second pyramid of Gizeh, then art would be blessed with the symmetry that denotes balance, the sobriety that reveals restraint, the simplicity that proves the power of the mind, the transfiguration that betrays elation, the repetition that connotes obedience, and the variety that characterizes all hortatory art. The spirits of Winckelmann and Lessing and Goethe at their best are here conjured up. There are 236 pages in the book, but he who does not read it straight through at once has either weak eyes or slight appreciation of *edle Einfalt und stille Grösse*. And he who reads it but once is artistically impious.

It requires haloed patience to read Mr. J. M. Kennedy's book on "The Quintessence of Nietzsche." The English language has no subjunctive of indirect discourse. In this book, master and disciple speak on the same page. They speak in turns. And with

no change of type, and with only an almost imperceptible indentation of the lines, how is one to tell who is speaking? Also, one quotation will prove that the book is not only explanatory, but decidedly apologetic and justificatory. Nietzsche delivered in 1872 a series of lectures on "The Future of our Educational Institutions." Of these Mr. Kennedy says:

"If the lectures are applicable to both Germany and England, they are even more applicable to the United States of America, probably the most Philistine country in the world. This heterogeneous agglomeration of eighty million Philistines stands badly in need of a Nietzsche at the present moment, and as the country is not likely to produce one—its schools and colleges turn out mere standardised money-making machines—we can only hope that these lectures will be thoroughly studied there by the few who have not been drawn into the commercial vortex."

Though grieved at our deplorable condition, we smile, and hope, and worry on! And this is not the only passage where Mr. Kennedy falls into similar tone. In the conclusion, we hear of "the malign influence of Christianity," of the "superiority of the Italian beggar-boy with the instinctive good taste in art to the American millionaire whose thoughts cannot raise themselves above the fluctuations of the Stock Exchange," and so on. It sounds like Nietzsche himself. It makes us stop and think. But now that the quintessence of Nietzsche has been given, we suddenly recall that Nietzsche did not have to stop to think, so that many of his thoughts are flighty and errant. And when Nietzsche did stop, he consumed his time writing down his thoughts instead of associating with his fellow-men; as a result of which he said many commonplace things, not knowing that many others had also said them.

Translations are contestable evidence of merit, done, as they sometimes are, more out of curiosity than admiration. Sudermann's worst work found a translator almost without delay; Fontane's best remains untranslated. Mr. Ludovici has met a demand by his excellent rendering of "Ecce Homo," thus completing the seventeenth volume of Nietzsche in English. He and Helen Zimmern are among the best translators in the series. One can only admire the great faith with which he approached his task. "Ecce Homo" was begun by its author October 15, 1888, and finished November 4 of the same year, though it was not published in Germany until 1908. There are those who consider that during this period Nietzsche was an insane man. But Mr. Ludovici not only denies this, but he contends that his hero was then enjoying what the physicians call *euphoria*—the state of highest well-being. He admires the whole work of "Ecce Homo." Even such headings as, "Why I am so clever," he defends by Goethe's remark: *Nur Lumpen sind bescheiden*. Whenever there is call for this sort of work, that is just the spirit in which it should be done. Yet it would have been a great boon to the German language had Nietzsche never been translated. "Ecce Homo" will be welcomed in English, however,—especially for Nietzsche's account of "inspiration."

But when we come to a discussion of M. Halévy's

Life of Nietzsche, we cheerfully overlook the many typographical errors in the quotations from the German, and the author's peculiar habit of referring to the exact day of the month without giving the year, and jubilantly proclaim the charm of the book as a whole. It gives a grand picture of the spiritual struggles of this last, lofty, German idealist. Mr. Kettle's introduction is also delightfully written. His reference to Nietzsche as "a man of ecstasies, rather than of sequent thought" is happy. Then there is an added charm by reason of the fact that Richard Wagner comes in for much discussion. Wagner is as conspicuous in these pages by his presence, as Nietzsche is by his absence in Wagner's Autobiography. The apparently unconscious purpose of Mr. Halévy has been to show that it was Wagner who deprived Nietzsche of those three things after which he so ardently strove—friendship, love, and fame. And though Frau Cosima has never seen fit to allow the publication of the letters Nietzsche wrote to Wagner, Wagner's part of the correspondence has been published and is here wisely utilized. It is extremely doubtful if there has ever been such a peculiar friendship as existed between these two peculiar geniuses. Nietzsche is to be pitied. He thought (we are perplexed to know why) from the days of "Parsifal" and Bayreuth on that he hated Wagner. But M. Halévy makes it clear that the hatred, though not fictitious, was not unalloyed. Nietzsche loved, and therefore hated, the man who deprived him of friendship, love, and fame. One of the last coherent sentences he uttered in those last dark moments was, "Wagner, den hab' ich sehr geliebt!" And here we must unreservedly laud the fine taste with which the whole book is written,—especially the part that deals with the mindless hero. German biographers have something to learn in this respect. M. Halévy passes over Nietzsche's last years with charity: he tells a few fascinating little stories, and then closes with the sentence, "Friedrich Nietzsche died at Weimar, on the 25th of August, 1900."

So Nietzsche has been much discussed. He has passed through the whole gamut of comment, from ecstatic laudation to complete repudiation. No wonder! He wrote the very best of German prose—though not always, as is currently believed, in short sentences. But he was a master of punctuation, of motionless gestures. His form was invariably good, his content infinitely varied. He had an opinion on every subject. Nothing to him was sacred; everything was relative, liable to change, and eternally recurring. His case might be visualized as follows: He said more on the general topic of religion, in the broad sense, than on any other one theme. Now, let an intelligent college student go to his country home at Christmas. They have a Christmas service in the church of his childhood. They ask him to make an address. He accepts. He speaks on the beauty of celebrating Christ's birth, even as a mere tradition. In the course of his remarks he says that the one thing we know about

Christ's birth is that it did not take place on the 25th of December, so and so many years ago. His audience at once divides itself into four camps. There will be some who knew that fact long before this student was born. And a whole host of the apparently novel things that Nietzsche said were self-evident truths two thousand years ago. Others will be asleep, and will not hear. These Nietzsche would have liked to crush. But they deserve the sympathy that he condemned,—they are tired, they have worked hard growing the wheat that Nietzscheans eat. Others will say, "Ah, the city and the college have robbed him of his faith." But these deserve the patience that Nietzsche did not have. And another small party will say, "That is not very important, but I did not know it before, and I am grateful for the information." Zarathustra spoke "for all and for none." It was Nietzsche's business to set thoughts in motion. And peace to the ashes and honor to the name of any man who can do just this thing!

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD.

#### RECENT FICTION.\*

The title of Mr. John Oxenham's "The High Adventure" is to be taken literally, for the tale is, in very truth, one of adventure in the "high" Alps. It tells of a young English diplomat who, on his vacation in Switzerland, meets a damsel in distress, and becomes her protector. She is a Russian damsel, and she has a sister in a Swiss prison, incarcerated for her successful assassination of a high Russian official who had made her the object of his unwelcome attentions. Plans have been made for her escape, and to aid her in this attempt, the fair Sonia enlists Charles Verney, her accidental acquaintance. The attempt succeeds, whereupon the man and the two girls become fugitives from justice, and endeavor to reach the frontier undiscovered. In their wanderings, an avalanche overwhelms them, killing the sister (which is perhaps quite as well), and burying the other two in the mountain hut which is conveniently at hand when the snow slides down the mountain side. A pretty romance develops, and by the time the two are rescued, is ripe for the inevitable conclusion. This is not one of Mr. Oxenham's best stories, and

\***THE HIGH ADVENTURE.** By John Oxenham. New York: Duffield & Co.

**CHRISTOPHER.** By Richard Pryce. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

**THE WAY OF AN EAGLE.** By E. M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

**BOB HARDWICK.** The Story of his Life and Experiences. By Henry Howard Harper. Privately printed at the De Vinne Press.

**A HOOTER CHRONICLE.** By Meredith Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

**TANTE.** By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. New York: The Century Co.

**ZULEIKA DORSON; or, An Oxford Love Story.** By Max Beerbohm. New York: John Lane Co.

**THE MYSTERY OF NUMBER 47.** By J. Storer Clouston. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

has many of the marks of the pot-boiler, but it is readable. A source of constant irritation is found in the fact that, whenever German words are introduced — and this is quite frequently — they are almost invariably misspelled.

Once in a great while, the reviewer has the good fortune to come upon a novel which is not merely well-constructed and interesting, but whose every page exemplifies the artistic conscience of the writer. Such a novel is the "Christopher" of Mr. Richard Pryce. It is not a novel of heroics or of impossible idealities, and it is concerned only with ordinary people, but its characters are all authentic human beings, and their delineation gives evidence of the most painstaking and loving thought. The story of Christopher begins with his infancy. His widowed mother, returning from India, gives birth to him at sea, and his early years are spent in an English country home. Presently, the family circumstances become straitened, and the necessity for economy causes the family — grandmother, mother, child, and devoted maid — to take up their residence at Boulogne, and there Christopher lives through his boyhood years. He is distinctly a child who sees things, and early gives evidence of the possession of a sensitive artistic nature. One day he is in danger, and is rescued by an Englishman who henceforth becomes his hero and the pattern of all that seems admirable to his childish consciousness. Now this Englishman is a former sweetheart of Christopher's mother, and is just then in the train of a lady whose indiscretions (to put it mildly) have made her an outcast from English society, and the colony at Boulogne does not recognize her. All this is important, because afterwards, when Christopher's family returns to England, the man, freed from his entanglement — which had been the outcome of chivalry rather than of passion, succeeds in winning the love which had earlier been denied him, and becomes Christopher's step-father. Also, the lady with the shady past has a daughter who, after a chance encounter in England some years later, becomes the object of Christopher's worship. The chapters that follow exhibit the psychology of a young man in love with marvellous penetration and sympathy, but the girl is not for him, as becomes evident when the inherited taint in her character is revealed. We take leave of Christopher as he is mastering the agony of disappointment, and seeking solace in his work. This is the whole story, a story for the most part of commonplace people, told in a way that is suggestive of Thackeray, with tender sentiment and rich appreciation of the values of ordinary human existence. It is a very beautiful and pathetic story, of the kind not to be hastily read without serious loss.

A familiar type of the Anglo-Indian novel is reproduced in Mr. E. M. Dell's "The Way of an Eagle." First, there is the handful of British soldiers, surrounded by hostile natives in an isolated mountain post, too far from the main body to hope for succor, and maintaining a forlorn hope to the desperate

end. Then there is the daughter of the commanding officer, who must somehow be saved from a dreadful fate. Then there is the daring soldier who loves her, and who charges himself with the responsibility of either rescuing her or of seeing that she is not taken alive. Being a resourceful man, Nick Ratcliffe carries her through the lines of the besiegers and brings her to safety in the advancing relief column. Gratitude would seem to dictate that Nick should have his reward, but Muriel Roseoe does not know her own mind, and a little malicious gossip, coupled with the feeling of horror with which she has witnessed the scene in which Nick had choked to death a native who was seeking her life, cause her to break off their engagement, and make it possible to prolong the story to the required length. Returning to England, she drifts into an engagement with the very Englishman whose nerve had failed him in the horrible crisis of her life in India, and who is now philandering with the wife of one of his friends in the Indian service. Nick puts the matter to both the man and the woman somewhat bluntly and breaks up this arrangement, whereupon Muriel gradually comes to the conclusion that she loves her rescuer after all. The fact that Nick's manner somehow suggests that of an eagle watching his prey and finally swooping down upon it is the explanation of the title given by Mr. Dell to his story. But we are not convinced that the heroine was worthy of the hero, despite all the author's efforts to persuade us.

"Bob Hardwick: The Story of his Life and Experiences," by Mr. Henry Howard Harper, is a book that comes to us in sumptuous guise, privately printed, and issued under the auspices of the Bibliophile Society. It is the story, told in the first person, of a boy's life from the age of five to the years of early manhood. The boy's father is a district school teacher, a widower, who treats his child with unnatural harshness, although we occasionally get glimpses of a streak of sentiment somewhere in his composition. Early in the narrative, he breaks up his humble home, packs the meagre household equipment in a covered wagon, and starts upon a long odyssey, broken now and then by a school term, through the states lying west of the Mississippi. The boy gets a certain amount of schooling, by which he evidently profits, but most of his experiences relate to the periods during which he is hired out to various forms of service. About midway in the story, the father disappears from view, leaving his son in the clutches of an incredibly mean old farmer, who makes him do the work of two men for his board and clothes. Then comes a change in his fortunes, for it is discovered that he is the heir, through his mother, to a fair fortune. He then gives himself a real education, studies law, seeks out the girl whom he has held in secret adoration from the days when he was an unconsidered waif, and persuades her to share his life. This is the outline of what we should take to be a literal transcript from the writer's memory of his own childhood experiences, were it not for the fact that the later chapters show some signs of contrivance. Still, boys do some-

times inherit unsuspected fortunes, and do sometimes win the objects of their childish devotion, and there is no reason why we should not take the whole story to be a true one, as the larger part of it unquestionably is. Its poignancy, its minute realism, and its artlessness, are things that we cannot ascribe wholly to imagination, and we have little doubt that the writer is, for the most part, copying from the book of his own life. This gives the book a documentary value which it could not well have if it were the product of artifice, and we get from it a vivid idea of the hard and prosaic conditions of frontier life a generation ago, as transmitted through the medium of a sensitive mind. Almost any commonplace person who has grown up under such conditions could tell as good a story as this, but it is only now and then that one is found who thinks the effort worth making. We have read the book from cover to cover with an interest aroused and sustained by its evident fidelity to fact, and it was only in those passages which led us to suspect an element of invention that our interest flagged.

Mr. Meredith Nicholson has heretofore been known as a novelist of plot and incident, and, as such, has won many friends, and achieved a high position among our entertainers. But in "A Hoosier Chronicle" he has done something much bigger, and given us a work of fiction of a richly human sort, creating real characters rather than puppets, and giving us a penetrating study of political life and domestic relations in the commonwealth of Indiana. The period is that of the now dying generation, and we catch the ideals of the newer time in the very act of replacing the old ones. The story is aptly named, for it is a "chronicle" in the sense that it pursues a leisurely course, building up its interest by recording occurrences in their natural order, and revealing the *Zeitgeist* by many subtle suggestions. There is a plot, of course, but it is subordinated to the demands of the composition considered as a picture, and is not accentuated by strikingly dramatic situations or climaxes. Even when the central mystery, that of the heroine's parentage, is cleared up, the disclosure is made quietly, and an opportunity which would be to most novelists the occasion for a startling *dénouement*, with recrimination and self-reproach and tearful reparation, is handled with severe restraint. There is no surprise in the disclosure, for we have been prepared for it all along, and it comes as the sequence of no dramatic trick, nor is it accompanied by any elaborate stage-setting. The appetite accustomed to literary condiments will find it all rather tasteless, but to the unspoiled palate it will give wholesome satisfaction. The figure of Morton Bassett, about which the interest of the novel is centered, is a full-length portrait of the politician who wins success by the means at hand, and is no more scrupulous in his methods than the prevailing standard of political morality seems to require. But that standard is insensibly changing, and when the change is finally borne in upon his consciousness, he withdraws from the game. He is

by no means a bad man, but he realizes that his success has been due to practices that public opinion no longer regards with approval, and he heeds the lesson. This revulsion of feeling is largely brought about by the influence of his daughter Sylvia, who, by a series of seemingly trifling and unrelated revelations, learns of her parentage, and makes use of the knowledge, not to exact any personal reparation, but to persuade Bassett to make the atonement to society which his aroused conscience dictates. Something like a dozen important characters are involved in the action of the story, and every one of them is naturally and convincingly drawn. In such sober and conscientious workmanship we may find a real hope for the future of American literature.

A remarkable study of the artistic temperament is given us in the "Tante" of Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Mrs. Basil de Selincourt). Madame Okraska, in whom several racial strains are blended, is a pianist of world-wide fame, who is called Tante (in German pronunciation) by her intimates. She is a woman of genius, and, as is too frequently the case with such persons, finds in that fact a sufficient warrant for despising ordinary mortals, and for treating with scant courtesy those who, in simple kindness of heart, bestow upon her their attentions, and seek to knit with her those sympathetic human relations which sweeten life. She lives in such an atmosphere of adulation that it becomes a necessity of her existence, and whoever fails to do her instant and unmeasured homage, and patiently submit to being snubbed by her if caprice so prompts her, incurs her deepest displeasure. She is, moreover, intensely passionate, and becomes positively malignant if her whims are opposed. She has an inmost nature which is simply devilish, and yet, such is the spell cast by her genius upon her *entourage*, that her character is not suspected by her circle of admirers. Particularly is she the object of the devotion of a young girl whom she has adopted in childhood, and who is her constant companion. Presently there appears upon the scene a well-bred young Englishman of the philistine type, who falls in love with the young girl. He has wealth, position, and all the solid virtues imaginable, but he refuses to bow down to Madame Okraska's genius, and finds intolerable her associations and her manner of life. This does not become fully apparent until after the marriage, and when it does, the wife is distressed beyond measure to know that her husband does not adore the woman who has hitherto been everything to her. Skilfully working upon the girl's emotions, Madame Okraska subtly seeks to wreck the *ménage*, and in consequence, Karen deserts Gregory, and seeks refuge with her beloved guardian. Unfortunately, the moment is ill-chosen, for just then Madame Okraska is at her country home in Wales, philandering with a decadent poet whom she has taken up, and Karen's unexpected appearance interrupts the idyl. When the poet is discovered making love to Karen, there is a scene indeed, for the mask is thrown off, and the woman, in a fury of passion, reveals her real

nature. Karen again takes flight, anywhere, to bury herself with the grief of her shattered ideal, and when Gregory unearths her, she realizes that he has been right all along. Even then, the desperate woman, by simulated contrition, tries to regain Karen's affection, and to keep her apart from her husband, but her power for evil is broken forever. This makes a rather disagreeable story, which is saved by its style and its extraordinary powers of characterization. All three of the principal figures are made very real, as well as that of the old American woman who has been Madame Okraska's companion and caretaker from infancy, and who knows her through and through. When this shrewd New Englander, with her blunt homely speech and her practical common sense, takes a hand in the game, the complication is soon straightened out, and husband and wife are restored to each other's confidence.

Miss Zuleika Dobson is a young lady who does conjuring turns in the music halls, and who irresistibly wins all masculine hearts who come within the range of her fatal influence. She is also a granddaughter of the Warden of Judas, and comes down to Oxford as a self-invited guest in his household. Her devastating influence is felt at once, and all the undergraduates who catch a glimpse of her on the day of her arrival succumb to her fascination. Among them is the Duke of Dorset, a very paragon of accomplishment and aristocratic desirability. Unfortunately, he does not dissemble his love, but boldly declares it, which is the worst thing he could have done, for Zuleika numbers her captives of all degrees by the thousands, and the only man she can love is the one who shall be quite indifferent to her charms. She spurns all that he offers her—wealth, social position, titles of most sorts of nobility, and ancestral castles in half a dozen countries. Whereupon he announces that he has resolved to die for her. When she sees that he means it, she half relents, but it is too late. She exacts from him, however, the promise that when he takes the plunge into the Isis—for that is to be his mode of exit from this troubous sphere—he will speak her name in a loud voice, so that the world may know the object of the unrequited love that has impelled him to so tragic an end. The remaining students of Judas, and of several other colleges, having been permitted to gaze upon the adorable Zuleika, and knowing that it is quite hopeless to live without her, when they learn of their leader's resolve, vow to do likewise, and so, when the appointed hour arrives, all the flower of young Oxford seeks (and finds) a watery grave. Then the lovely Zuleika, finding no other reason for remaining, packs her boxes, and orders a special train—for Cambridge—which it is to be presumed she will depopulate in due course of time, although we are left to imagine the details. When Zuleika drives past the Sheldonian the day of her arrival in Oxford great beads of perspiration come out on the brows of the Roman Emperors whose busts intersperse the railings of that edifice. The don who reports this alarming phenomenon is not believed at the time, being supposed to suffer "the hallucination

of one who had been reading too much Mommsen. He persisted that he had seen what he had described. It was not until two days had elapsed that some credence was accorded to him." This witty burlesque of the language and action of high-flown romance is carried out with a wealth of invention, aided by a fantastic vocabulary, of which we can imagine no one besides Mr. Max Beerbohm as being capable. His "Zuleika Dobson" is assuredly a masterpiece of parody and satirical caricature of many forms of sentimentalism. If it does not succeed in smiling Spain's chivalry away altogether, it should at least prove a solemn warning to our ultra-romantic young writers.

Upon a much lower plane of wit and literary distinction is the nevertheless vastly amusing tale, "The Mystery of Number 47," in which Mr. J. Storer Clouston parodies the popular detective story. It all comes about from the fact that the Molyneux household, in St. John's Wood, has been abandoned by the cook, and that the Bishop chooses just that time to notify Mr. Molyneux (a relative) that he is about to honor him with a visit. The only way out of it seems to be for Mrs. Molyneux to retire into the kitchen, and for her husband to inform the Bishop upon his arrival that she has been unexpectedly called away. There is something strained about his reception, for Molyneux, being a simple-minded scholar and man of letters, does not lie with conviction, and his guest becomes suspicious. As the wife's absence is prolonged, and as the husband's explanations reveal noticeable discrepancies, suspicion ripens into a dark certainty, and the Bishop, resolved to get at the truth, communicates with Scotland Yard. Molyneux must have murdered his wife, and in the exceedingly attractive young woman (the cook) who is known to have been about the premises of late, the Bishop finds an adequate motive for the crime. Then the newspapers make a sensation of it, and No. 47 becomes a house of mystery, surrounded day and night by curious crowds. Molyneux disappears from the scene, and the hue and cry is raised. Now one of his youthful indiscretions had been the writing of a detective story under the assumed name of "Felix Chapel." His publishers communicate with him under that name, and commission him to work up the mystery and make up another story out of it. To get the "atmosphere" he must become acquainted with the house, and so, disguising himself, he obtains permission to go back to his own house, which is under police guard, and take up his residence there. The house has been ransacked from top to bottom without results, and it is up to the supposed novelist to produce some incriminating evidence. Bones are the thing, and he obtains a supply from an accommodating butcher, has them buried in the garden, and discovered the next day. Then the horror is complete, and the gruesomesdetails, elaborated by reportorial ingenuity, make the house an object of renewed public interest. Some amateur sleuths join in the effort to probe the mystery, and to hunt down the dastardly murderer. When Mrs. Molyneux, who

has been hiding in a distant hotel, turns up, the bubble is punctured, and her husband resumes his proper character. The Bishop finds it convenient to take a trip to South America. This entertaining complication is obviously suggested by the Crippen case of two years ago, and is most ingeniously worked out.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Margaret of France and her times.*

Miss Winifred Stephens, the author of an interesting volume on "French Novelists of To-Day," published two or three years ago, has just brought out through the same publishers (Lane) a valuable life of Margaret of France, daughter of Francis I., sister of Henry II., and wife of Emmanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy. The book is more a rapid review of the history of the time than a personal biography in the narrower sense. The author is curiously inclined to stray off into a detailed account of events in which Margaret herself had the slightest possible part; and the same tendency is apparent even in the discussions that make up the appendix. The fact that the Seymour sisters wrote some Latin poems on the death of Margaret's aunt is considered sufficient warrant for adding a chapter dealing with their lives; and Margaret's acquaintance with the Duke of Nemours is made the occasion for a twenty-page discussion of a famous breach of promise suit with which Margaret had not the slightest connection. But this inclination to wander from the main theme is by no means a fatal defect. We owe to it the breathlessly interesting account of the "coup de Jarnac," and a hundred other matters which, whether they belong to this book or not, are decidedly worth while. Margaret's real historical importance is due principally to the skilful way in which she helped build up her adopted nation at the expense of the land of her birth; and the most serious criticism which the book deserves is that the period after her marriage is dismissed so curtly and almost hurriedly, while three-fourths of the space is given to her comparatively unimportant girlhood in France. Margaret of Savoy, the ancestor of Victor Emmanuel II. by political policy and political fortune as well as by blood, deserves more attention than she has received here or elsewhere. There is an unusually accurate and exhaustive index, and the careful make-up of the book deserves high praise.

*A son of Africa in the Arctic regions.* Another reverberation of the glad shout of triumph with which the attainment of the North Pole was proclaimed to an admiring public reaches us in the shape of a well-made little book entitled "A Negro Explorer at the North Pole" (Stokes), by Commander Peary's only companion from the civilized world in that last bold dash to "ninety North," Mr. Matthew Alexander Henson. This is the third of the noteworthy publications begotten of that memor-

able expedition of three years ago, the other two being the chief explorer's own full account, "The North Pole," and the rollicking narrative ("A Tenderfoot with Peary") by the "kid" of the party, Mr. George Borup. A foreword expressing warm appreciation of Mr. Henson's ability as an Arctic explorer is contributed by Captain Peary to the present work, and there is also an introduction by Dr. Booker T. Washington, dwelling with justifiable pride on the part played by those of his race, and particularly by Mr. Henson, in enlarging the bounds of our geographical knowledge. The author begins his narrative with a sketch of his own life—of his birth in Charles County, Maryland, in 1866, of his early going to sea, and of his attaching himself, twenty-three years ago, to the man whom he has so acceptably served nearly ever since—and then in a score of brief and brisk chapters tells the story of the famous final North-Polar expedition from his point of view. Enthusiasm and local color and high spirits are not wanting in his pages. With characteristic exultation he chronicles the fact that "the ages of the wild misgiving mystery of the North Pole are over, to-day, and forever it stands under the folds of Old Glory." With some pardonable hyperbole he declares elsewhere: "From the building of the pyramids and the journey to the Cross, to the discovery of the new world and the discovery of the North Pole, the Negro had been the faithful and constant companion of the Caucasian, and I felt all that it was possible for me to feel, that it was I, a lowly member of my race, who had been chosen by fate to represent it, at this, almost the last of the world's great work." The brief passage devoted to Dr. Cook and his alleged exploits will be read with interest. The book is excellently printed and suitably illustrated.

*The history of classical studies.*

We already have some admirable books in English, French, and German, dealing with the history of classical studies; but there was room for a work of moderate length that should give essential features in readable form, and apparently this was the thought in the mind of Dr. Harry Thurston Peck in preparing his "History of Classical Philology" (Macmillan). In less than five hundred well-printed pages, the author carries the reader from "The Genesis of Philological Studies in Greece" to "The Cosmopolitan Period," wherein the subject now finds itself. Although he does not claim to do much more than criticize and organize material already available, the technical journals will record not a few serious criticisms and many differences of opinion; but they will doubtless conclude by saying that the author has achieved success in his modest aims. To the reader who is not primarily a classical student we may hint that he will not find the book nearly as dreary as the title might suggest. Whatever may become of Latin and Greek in modern education, the influence of classical studies on the development of occidental life will long continue to be important; and it is very possible to be interested in many phases

of the subject. Moreover, as one turns the leaves of such a book as this, one will find interspersed in the pages of information an occasional paragraph that is quietly joyous. For instance, in view of the controversy about abolishing "the stern door of compulsory Greek" at Oxford and Cambridge, it is gladsome to learn that the Latinists of the Isis once opposed the study of the nobler tongue so bitterly, and the animosity of "Greeks" and "Trojans" became so rampant, that parties of them took to fighting in the streets. Almost equally pleasing is this forcible declaration of Gregory the Great: "The place of prepositions and the case of nouns I utterly despise; for I consider it indecent to confine the words of the heavenly prophets within the rules of *Donatus*." The volume closes felicitously with the famous *credo* of Gaston Paris, beginning: "I profess absolutely and without reserve this doctrine, that science has no other aim than truth, and truth for its own sake, without care for the consequences, good or ill, regrettable or happy, which that truth might have in practice." We regret to note many slips in presentation that should not have been missed in the proof; but it may be that such faults are more distressing to reviewers than to other readers.

*The religion of the apostle to the Labrador fisherman.* "I always pictured the Christ at college as captain of the football team, or stroke of the 'Varsity boat, or one of the honor men, because these were what I wanted to be myself." Thus declares Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell in the course of his recent Harvard lectures on the William Belden Noble foundation. "The Adventure of Life" is the stimulating title given to the lectures as now published in book form by the Houghton Mifflin Co. The general purpose of the lectureship, as expressed by its founder, is "To extend the influence of Jesus as the way, the truth, and the life," and "beyond a sympathy with the purpose of the Lectures, as thus defined, no restriction is placed upon the lecturer." With the freedom thus allowed him, Dr. Grenfell has drawn largely and with excellent effect upon his own rich and varied experience as minister to the bodies and souls of suffering humanity on the Labrador coast, and it is only natural that so practical and energetic a Christian worker should emphasize the importance of works as compared with faith, of the will to believe and to prove one's belief in deeds as compared with mere passive intellectual conviction. "If there is iniquity," he says, "in accepting a course for true, the axioms of which cannot be demonstrated by mathematics, this is the reason why I rejoice in my iniquity (in accepting the Christian faith). My choice has given me much fun in life, and still promises to do so, for no capacities need go unused in the field of Christian adventure." A little later he says, with a touch of the humor and the shrewdness that so delightfully relieve his discourse of any musty academic flavor: "Without question unfaith is too often a synonym for 'don't want.' It is like the farmer who, when urged to give up whiskey, re-

marked, 'Prove I don't like un, and I'll give un up.' The substance of the book is grouped under four heads,—"Life and Faith," "Christ and the Individual," "Christ and Society," and "Christ and the Daily Life."

*A notable exhibition of Old Masters.*

The Loan Exhibition of Old Masters in aid of the National Art Collections Fund, held at the Grafton Galleries in London during the last three months of 1911, afforded a rare opportunity for viewing some of the art treasures in private ownership in England. It was notable for the number of important paintings by celebrated artists that had not been previously exhibited. No less than thirty-two out of a total of one hundred and seventeen—not counting drawings and water colors—were shown for the first time. Among these, the two beautiful paintings by Filippino Lippi, owned by Sir Henry B. Samuelson, Bart., and the Rev. A. F. Sutton's superb "Madonna and Child Enthroned with Angels," by Masaccio, call for particular mention. Of even greater interest to students are a number of canvases attributed to various masters, such as Lady Jekyll's Giotto, Lord Walsingham's reputed Titian (which Sir Claude Phillips and other critics regard as by another hand), and the Portrait of a Young Man, owned by Mrs. Alfred Morrison, which though traditionally ascribed to Lucas Van Leyden is now thought to be a work by his follower and imitator, Bartholomaeus de Bruyn of Cologne. The Catalogue of this exhibition (London: Phillip Lee Warner) has been prepared by Messrs. Roger E. Fry and Maurice W. Brockwell, who have made it a work of permanent value. A concise verbal description of each of the pictures is given, followed by the history of the picture as far as it is known, by a list of the times and places where it had been previously exhibited together with the catalogue numbers assigned to it, and by references to critical mention of it in books and periodicals. In many instances, also, the opinions of well-known authorities are cited in brief quotations from their writings. The book is a quarto, handsomely printed by the Ballantyne Press. It is furnished with ample indices. Lord Penrhyn's fine Rembrandt is reproduced in photogravure as a frontispiece, and colotype reproductions of eighty of the pictures are grouped at the end of the volume.

*The charm of an English country house.*

Opening in the middle Mr. Fergus Graham's prose idyl, "The House of Dornell" (Dodd), we come face to face with one of the most engaging characters of the book. "The Colonel" wears a Victoria Cross, but "thinks nothing of the deed that won him fame, and I do not suppose it ever strikes him that his action on the battlefield was in any way brave or remarkable. He is modest, like all true heroes, and like a child he is simple. Old, stout, white-haired, he comes to Dornell with his cheery laugh, a laugh that chokes him when the jest is good, and his arrival is like the coming of a gale, because we have to roar at him to make him hear. He is a boy among boys, there never

was a heart so young as his, and few young men can appreciate the smaller joys of life as he can." The book concerns itself with the Dornell country house and its surroundings, with its inmates, especially its children, servants, and dogs, and with some of its visiting kinsfolk and friends. Quaint descriptive appellations are given to some of the characters, as "The Kind One," "The Baa-lamb," "The Beloved," and "The Scratcher." The supposed teller of the tale, which is not a tale, but rather a series of humorous character-sketches, is apparently an amiable idler with a great fondness for children and simple things, who says of himself and his juvenile friends: "It tickles my conceit, too, that they should choose me for a friend, and the honour of being one is worth a few sore ribs. The mystic realm called the child-world is no foreign land to me, because three of my best comrades dwell there, comrades I would not exchange for the dozen wisest heads that ever wagged." Lovers of what is genuine and unspoilt in human character, and of what is simple and spontaneous and kindly in human relations, will take pleasure in the book.

*A Shakespeare "forgery" re-examined.*

No small part of the perennial interest attaching to Shakespeare is due to the way in which settled questions refuse to stay settled. Here is Mr. Ernest P. A. Law, with a volume of eighty pages on "Some Supposed Shakespeare Forgeries" (Macmillan), declaring that certain leaves in the Revels Books of the period of James the First, long branded as forgeries, are unmistakably genuine. The contents of these books were published by their discoverer, Peter Cunningham, in the publications of the Shakespeare Society for 1842, when they were accepted as genuine. But when, twenty-six years later, Cunningham attempted to sell several of the documents to the British Museum, they were seized and turned over to the Record Office. At the same time the pages for 1604-1605 and 1611-1612, the former containing a record of the presentation of "The Moor of Venice," "Measure for Measure" (by "Shaxberd"), etc., and the latter "The Tempest," "The Winter's Night's Tale," etc., were declared to be palpable forgeries, and this judgment has been all but universally acquiesced in ever since. The matter was of great interest, especially because of its bearing on the long-standing controversy over the date of "Othello," which it effectually settled and unsettled in turn. Meantime that controversy was once more practically settled by the discovery of Malone's memorandum, made a century ago, which now appears to have been a transcript of these very pages. The proof that the pages are after all genuine would appear to be the last and of course the most desirable link in the entire chain of evidence. Mr. Law has printed a facsimile of two of the pages, accompanied by a convincing array of arguments and proofs; and his entire story, in spite of a lawyer-like style, adds a most interesting chapter to the history of Shakespeare controversy.

*Platitudes of a royal philosopher.*

When the Spanish Infanta Eulalia published not long ago a collection of philosophical essays over the *nom de plume* of "Comtesse d'Avila," her royal nephew became highly indignant, reprimanded her severely, and even threatened to suppress the book. This method of advertising proved so successful that the volume has not only enjoyed a large sale in its original French, but now appears in an English translation, bearing the title "The Thread of Life" (Duffield). There are twenty-six short essays in the collection, preceded by a preface in which the author informs her prospective readers that it is "a sentiment of modesty" that prompts her to maintain an incognito on the cover of the book,—whereas the preface itself is very carefully signed with her name. Then she proceeds to discuss, "with the sincere conviction that I have always shown in the expression of my ideas and opinions," such subjects as divorce, of which she heartily approves; the family, which she regards, without any apparent regret, as in process of disintegration; the complete independence of woman, which she favors; religion, which she ranks among the useful superstitions that may in time become unnecessary; morality, an arbitrary set of rules which are in constant process of amendment; honesty, friendship, moral courage, judgment, and other edifying themes for rather purposeless platitudinizing. It was no more than natural that King Alfonso should have been troubled at catching his outspoken aunt publicly deriding the "divine right" theory, attacking the Catholic Church, and bewailing the backwardness of the Latin races; but he can at least console himself with the reflection that she is neither thinker enough nor artist enough to carry a high degree of conviction.

*Cliff and cave dwellings in Europe.*

It must be nearly time to speak of the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould as a veteran author, for he has now passed his seventy-seventh birthday and his published volumes date from 1854. His books include lives of the saints, collections of sermons and religious polemics, popular hymns, religious biographies, books of travels, studies in folk-lore, archaeology, and history—in all more than seventy titles. A perusal of some of the Reports of the Bureau of American Ethnology on the cliff dwellings of the Colorado region, and some of the magazine articles which have grown out of those reports, have revived in his mind memories of troglodytes in Europe; and with a thorough knowledge of the subject, he has written a book on "Cliff Castles and Cave Dwellings of Europe" (Lippincott) in which he describes the use of cliffs and caves as habitation for protective and economic reasons not only in pre-historic and early historic times, but even in modern and present times. He writes of these modern cave-dwellings, and of the remains of many of the others, at first hand, and furnishes some of the illustrations for the book. His style is characteristically popular, though he seems in some instances to descend to trivialities.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

Professor Curtis Hidden Page's admirable translations from Molière are re-issued by the Messrs. Putnam in four small volumes—"Tartuffe" in one, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" in another, "Les Femmes Savantes" in a third, and "Les Précieuses Ridicules" and "Le Médecin Malgré Lui" in the fourth. Plays (even the classics) have a chance of getting read nowadays, and the recent performances in Chicago and elsewhere of "Les Femmes Savantes" by the Drama Players have made many people realize that the author is by no means dead, and that he makes a genuine appeal to a modern audience.

A book for which there was decided need is Mr. Bolton Hall's "What Tolstoy Taught," published by Mr. B. W. Huebsch. It is made up of extracts from Tolstoy's own writings, arranged under various headings so as to present in orderly sequence the views and teachings of the great Russian reformer. The contents are divided into two main sections,—"On Life" and "On Action"; with various sub-divisions bearing such titles as "The Selfish Love," "The Pursuit of Happiness," "The Fear of Death," "The Balm for Suffering," "Women and Men," "Alcohol and Tobacco," and "The Great Iniquity." As a convenient summary of Tolstoy's essential doctrine, the book should find a wide field of usefulness.

The American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology has rendered a great service by publishing (through Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.) an excellent translation of "The Individualization of Punishment" by R. Saleilles, Professor in the University of Paris. The work is a keen criticism of the classic doctrine that the "punishment should fit the crime" without much regard to effects on the criminal and the permanent welfare of the community. The agreement with the main tendencies of the reformers in America is remarkable and encouraging, and the criticism of those tendencies is wholesome. One serious error of the original has not been corrected, the statement (p. 300) that Elmira Reformatory is a "private" and not a state institution.

However near at hand the millennium may actually be, the plain man of to-day is apt to feel that his own personal stake in the goods of a Golden Age is still remote and hypothetical. Mr. Ritter Brown, in discussing "Man's Birthright" (Desmond FitzGerald), sees this fact very clearly, and so does what he can for the individual of the present day as well as for the society of to-morrow in his construction of an ideal society. The main point of Mr. Brown's argument is that the chief source of our social evils is the divorce of man from the land, and that in keeping up the present undesirable state of affairs an important part is played by representative government. In lieu of these things, he advocates equal access to land and the relegation of the representative form of government to secondary affairs, all matters of the first magnitude to be decided by the votes of the whole people instead of by the more partisan and prejudiced decisions of their representatives. The author's interest in the man of to-day as an individual appears in an appendix, in which are gathered from many sources a number of hints on various out-of-the-way kinds of farming and horticultural pursuits, to the end that the man who does not want to await political and constitutional changes to better his condition may seek the land at once and be happy and prosperous.

## NOTES.

"The Flaw in the Crystal" is the title of a novel by Miss May Sinclair which Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. announce for early publication.

To their extensive list of books on Socialism, the Macmillan Co. will add this month a study of "Socialism as It Is," by Mr. William English Walling.

"Among the Carpathians," by Mr. Lion Phillimore, is an unconventional account of gipsy-like travel in good company and through hitherto undescribed country, which Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. will publish immediately.

Madame Steinheil, the Frenchwoman whose recent trial on the charge of murder attracted world-wide notice, has written an autobiography. Messrs. Sturgis & Walton Co. announce the American edition as nearly ready.

Professor James Schouler is now at work on the seventh volume of his great "History of the United States under the Constitution." The new volume will cover the administrations of Johnson and Grant — the Reconstruction period.

"Pageants and Pageantry," by Esther Willard Bates and William Orr, will be issued shortly by Messrs. Ginn & Co. It is a manual of suggestion for the producer of pageants, with much historical material drawn from the past records of pageantry.

Mr. William Archer is preparing for early publication a volume called "Play-making: A Manual of Craftsmanship." No English writer has made a closer study of the modern drama than Mr. Archer, and his book should easily take the foremost position in its field.

"Studies in Radical Empiricism" by William James is announced for early publication by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. This firm has also in preparation a hitherto-unnamed volume of "Selected Addresses" by James B. Angell, late President Emeritus of the University of Michigan.

"The Poems and Masks of Aurelian Townsend," edited by Mr. E. K. Chambers, will soon be added to the "Tudor and Stuart Library," published by the Oxford University Press. To their series of "Oxford Poets" the same publishers announce the addition of Spenser, edited by Messrs. J. C. Smith and Ernest de Selincourt.

A new book by Miss Ellen Key, the famous Swedish writer on feminism, is announced by Messrs. Putnam. Its title is "The Woman's Movement," and it deals with the new phase which feminism is now assuming. According to Miss Key, this consists in a determination to regard men's privileges as subordinate to the rights of women as the mothers and educators of the coming generation.

Some spring announcements of the Oxford University Press not hitherto recorded in these columns are "The Science of Etymology," by Dr. W. W. Skeat; "A Companion to Roman History," by Mr. H. Stuart Jones; "The Greek Genius and Its Meaning to Us," by Mr. R. W. Livingstone; "Problems of the Roman Criminal Law," by Mr. J. L. Strachan-Davidson; and a "Concordance to Dante's Latin Works."

"The Memoirs of Francesco Crispi," announced for publication by the George H. Doran Co., will undoubtedly prove one of the most important books of the year. Crispi has long been overshadowed by Cavour in the history of Italian Unity, but it is said that the forth-

coming work will make necessary a new appraisal of their relative positions. The translation, by Mary Pritchard Agnetti, is from documents collected and edited by Thomas Palamenghi Crispi. The work will comprise three volumes, the first two of which are to appear May 1, the other following shortly after.

Mr. Edward Carpenter's new book, "The Drama of Love and Death: A Study of Human Evolution and Transfiguration," will be an interesting feature of the spring season. The earlier chapters will be a kind of continuation of "Love's Coming of Age," while the latter part deals with the problems of Death and the Hereafter, throughout copious reference being made to late discoveries in the domains of physics, biology, and psychical research.

"The Strangling of Persia," by Mr. W. Morgan Shuster, ex-Treasurer-General of Persia, is announced for early publication by the Century Co. This firm has also in press the following books, not heretofore announced: "The Social Drift: Studies in Contemporary Society," by Professor Edward Alsworth Ross; "Social Life in the Insect World," by J. H. Fabre; and new novels by Messrs. Samuel Merwin and David Gray.

Tabloid knowledge for the masses seems to be the feature of the moment in publishing. First we had the "Temple Cyclopædic Primers," then the "Cambridge Manuals of Science and Art," then the "Home University Library." Now a new series, "The People's Books," is to enter the field, sponsored by Messrs. Jack of London, and issued in this country by the Dodge Publishing Company. In one respect, at least, the new series will have a heavy advantage, being offered at nearly half the price of its least expensive competitor. A prospectus of the first sixty volumes presents a strong array of writers, and indicates that every field of knowledge and thought will be competently covered.

The New York Public Library has been recently exhibiting a collection from the largest library of rare and interesting textbooks in the world. The collection is the property of Mr. George A. Plimpton, a member of the firm of Ginn & Company. Especially noteworthy is the exhibit of arithmetics, which begins with a manuscript of Boethius, dating from the eleventh century. A copy of the first printed arithmetic, published in Treviso in 1478, is included, as is also a manuscript of the first European algebra dating from 1400. Algebra and geometry in first editions and manuscripts, including an Arabic manuscript of the works of Euclid and an algebra translated from the Arabic of the ninth century, are interesting features.

The first number of "Bedrock," a new quarterly review of scientific thought, published by Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd. of London, opens with an article on "The Value of a Logic of Method" by Professor J. Welton, Professor of Education in the University of Leeds; G. Archdall Reid discusses "Recent Researches on Alcoholism"; E. W. Poulton, Hope Professor of Zoology in the University of Oxford, writes on "Darwin and Bergson as Interpreters of Evolution"; A. H. Gibson, Professor of Engineering in the University of Dundee, has an article on "The Inter-Action of Passing Ships." The number also includes articles on "The Stars in their Courses" (being substantially the Halley Lecture for 1911) by H. H. Turner, Savilian Professor of Astronomy in the University of Oxford, and on "Social and Sexual Evolution" by The Hermit of Prague, as well as some "Notes on Current Research."

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 200 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

## BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

**Irish Recollections.** By Justin McCarthy. Illustrated, 8vo, 279 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$3. net.

**The Comedy of Catherine the Great.** By Francis Gribble. Illustrated in photogravure, 8vo, 368 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.75 net.

**The Betts of Wortham in Suffolk, 1480-1905.** By Katherine Frances Doughty. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 336 pages. John Lane Co. \$5. net.

**The Life or Legend of Guadama, the Buddha of the Burmese.** By Right Reverend P. Bigandet. Fourth edition, in 2 volumes, with Annotations, 8vo. "Trübner's Oriental Series." E. P. Dutton & Co. \$7. net.

**The Life of Hiuen-Tsang.** By the Shaman Hwui Li. With an introduction containing an account of the works of I-Tsing, by Samuel Beal, B. A. New edition; with Preface by L. Cranmer-Byng. 8vo, 218 pages. "Trübner's Oriental Series." E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50 net.

**Henry Fox, First Lord Holland:** A Study of the Career of an Eighteenth Century Politician. By Thad W. Riker, M. A. In 2 volumes, 8vo. Oxford University Press.

**The Life of Mohammad, from Original Sources.** By Sir William Muir, K. C. S. I. New and revised edition, edited by T. H. Weir, B. D. Illustrated, 8vo, 556 pages. Edinburgh: John Grant.

**Under the Russian and British Flags:** A Story of True Experience. Reprinted from "Russian Flashlights" by Jaakoff Prelooker. Illustrated, 12mo, 170 pages. London: Spriggs Publishing Agency.

**A Child's Journey with Dickens.** By Kate Douglas Wiggin. 16mo, 32 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. 50 cts. net.

## HISTORY.

**The Story of Avignon.** By Thomas Okey; illustrated by Percy Wadham. 16mo, 408 pages. "Mediaeval Town Series." E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.75 net.

**A History of Witchcraft in England, from 1558 to 1718.** By Wallace Notestein. 12mo, 442 pages. American Historical Association. \$1.50 net.

**The Negro in Pennsylvania:** Slavery—Servitude—Freedom, 1639-1861. By Edward Raymond Turner, Ph. D. 12mo, 314 pages. American Historical Association. \$1.50 net.

**Studies of the Niagara Frontier.** By Frank H. Severance. 8vo, 437 pages. Buffalo Historical Society.

**Journal of the House of Burgesses of Virginia: 1712-1714, 1715, 1718, 1720-1722, 1723-1726.** Edited by H. R. McIlwaine. 4to, 441 pages. Richmond: The Colonial Press.

**The Battle of Principles:** A Study of the Heroism and Eloquence of the Anti-Slavery Conflict. By Newell Dwight Hillis, D. D. 12mo, 334 pages. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.25 net.

**The Monitor and the Merrimac:** Both Sides of the Story. Told by Lieut. J. L. Worden, U. S. N., Lieut. Greene, U. S. N., and H. Ashton Ramsey, C. S. N. Illustrated, 16mo, 73 pages. Harper & Brothers. 50 cts. net.

**The Trent Affair:** An Historical Retrospect. By Charles Francis Adams. 8vo, 44 pages. Boston: Massachusetts Historical Society. Paper.

**The Renaissance.** By J. Basil Oldham, M. A. Illustrated, 16mo, 132 pages. "Temple Primers." E. P. Dutton & Co. 35 cts. net.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

**Letters of George Borrow** to the British and Foreign Bible Society. Published by the direction of the Committee. Edited by T. H. Darlow. With facsimile, 8vo, 471 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$3. net.

**The Cambridge History of English Literature.** Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt. D., and A. R. Waller, M. A. Volume VIII. The Age of Dryden. 8vo, 576 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.

**The Child of the Dawn.** By Arthur Christopher Benson. 12mo, 396 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.

**Shakspeare: A Critical Study of His Mind and Art.** By Edward Dowden, LL. D. New and revised edition; 12mo, 434 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.

**Wendell Phillips:** The Faith of an American. By George Edward Woodberry. 12mo, 46 pages. Printed for the Woodberry Society.

**Canadian Masterpieces.** Selected and edited by Lawrence J. Burpee. Comprising: A Century of Canadian Sonnets; Flowers from a Canadian Garden; Canadian Eloquence; Songs of French Canada; A Little Book of Canadian Essays; and Fragments of Sam Slick. Each 18mo. Toronto: Musson Book Co. Each, limp leather, \$1. net.

**Sir Eglamour:** A Middle English Romance. Edited by Albert S. Cook. 12mo, 69 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

## NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

**The Works of Thomas Deloney.** Edited from the earliest extant editions and broadsides, with Introduction and Notes, by Francis Oscar Mann. 8vo, 600 pages. Oxford University Press. \$5.75 net.

**Molière's Plays.** Translated by Curtis Hidden Page. In four volumes, comprising the following: *Les Femmes Savantes* (*The Learned Ladies*); *Tartuffe* (*The Hypocrite*); *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (*The Tradesman Turned Gentleman*); *Les Précieuses Ridicules* (*The Affected Misses*), and *Le Médecin Malgré Lui* (*The Doctor by Compulsion*). Each 12mo. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Per volume, \$1. net.

**The Works of Henrik Ibsen.** Viking Edition. Volume XIII. *Life of Ibsen*, by Edmund Gosse. With photogravure frontispiece, 8vo, 292 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. (Sold only in sets by subscription.)

## DRAMA AND VERSE.

**Irish Folk-History Plays.** By Lady Gregory. In two volumes, 12mo. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Each \$1.50 net.

**Moods, Songs and Doggerels.** By John Galsworthy. 12mo, 111 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1. net.

**The Pagan Trinity.** By Beatrice Irwin. 12mo, 144 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.25 net.

**The Tragedy of Etarre:** A Poem. By Rhys Carpenter. 12mo, 138 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. \$1.25 net.

**The Norseman:** A Drama in Four Acts. By Elizabeth Aiden Curtis. 12mo, 96 pages. Portland: The Mosher Press.

**Songs of Content.** By Ralph Erwin Gibbs; edited, with Introduction, by Charles Mills Gayley. With portrait, 12mo, 82 pages. Paul Elder & Co. \$1.50 net.

**Truant from Heaven.** By Mabel Hotchkiss Robbins. 12mo, 129 pages. Richard G. Badger. \$1. net.

**Echoes of Cheer.** By John Kendrick Bangs. 12mo, 66 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1. net.

**Poems of the North.** By H. F. Brett-Smith. 12mo, 80 pages. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

**Love Poems of Alfred Austin** (Poet Laureate). Decorated, 24mo, 109 pages. "Lovers' Library." John Lane Co. 50 cts. net.

**Burlesques and Parodies.** By G. H. Powell; with Prefatory Note by G. Lowes Dickinson, M. A. 12mo, 55 pages. Cambridge: W. Heffer & Sons, Ltd.

**Moods.** By David M. Cory. 12mo, 58 pages. Poet Lore Co.

**The Mistress of the Inn (La Locandiera).** By Carlo Goldoni; translated by Merle Pierson. 16mo, 100 pages. Madison: Wisconsin Dramatic Society.

**Glory of the Morning:** A Play in One Act. By William Leonard. 16mo, 54 pages. Madison: Wisconsin Dramatic Society. Paper.

**Womankind: A Play in One Act.** By Willfred Wilson Gibson. 16mo, 24 pages. London: David Nutt. Paper.

**FICTION.**

**Japonette.** By Robert W. Chambers; illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson. 12mo, 387 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.35 net.

**Never at Yale.** By Owen Johnson. Illustrated, 12mo, 386 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.35 net.

**Manalive.** By G. K. Chesterton. With frontispiece, 12mo, 311 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.30 net.

**The Squirrel-Cage.** By Dorothy Canfield. Illustrated, 12mo, 271 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.35 net.

**The Noble Rogue: A Cavalier's Romance.** By Baroness Orczy. 12mo, 444 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.35 net.

**The Bandbox.** By Louis Joseph Vance. Illustrated, 12mo, 319 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25 net.

**Views and Vagabonds.** By R. Macaulay. 12mo, 308 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.35 net.

**Beyond the Law.** By Miriam Alexander. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 364 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35 net.

**Buck Peters, Ranchman.** By Clarence E. Mulford and John Wood Clay. Illustrated in color, 8vo, 367 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.35 net.

**The Touchstone of Fortune: Being the Memoir of Baron Clyde, Who Lived, Thrived, and Fell in the Doleful Reign of the So-called Merry Monarch, Charles II.** By Charles Major. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 299 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

**The Actor-Manager.** By Leonard Merrick. 12mo, 304 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.20 net.

**The Prison without a Wall.** By Ralph Straus. 12mo, 344 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.30 net.

**The Labyrinth of Life.** By E. A. U. Valentine. 12mo, 385 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.30 net.

**Little Corky.** By Edward Hungerford. Illustrated, 12mo, 406 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.35 net.

**Fran.** By John Breckenridge Ellis. Illustrated, 12mo, 380 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.25 net.

**The Recording Angel.** By Corra Harris. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 331 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25 net.

**The Big Fish.** By H. B. Marriott Watson. With frontispiece, 12mo, 319 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25 net.

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